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No. 88
JULY '64

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NUMBER 88 JULY 1964

MAD

"Everybody's looking for less to do, more time to do it in, and more pay for not doing it!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, NELSON TIRADO *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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If you're wondering where to find our usual clever ad offering a 4-color picture of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid for which you mail in 25c to "What—Color," c/o MAD, 850 Third Ave., New York City, N. Y. 10022, well, we're not running it this issue!

LETTERS DEPT.

A WORD FROM THE WISE

I am a Catholic priest who does a great deal of work with teenagers. Through them I have become acquainted with MAD Magazine. I've travelled all over the country talking to them and in the process have acquired quite a collection of your magazine. I want you to know that I think your manner of satire on the modern condition of ordinary life is both refreshing and valuable. It's healthy when you can make people laugh at themselves. There are so many cheap ideals loose in today's world that it's almost discouraging to try to explode all of them. You have been more successful in one issue than I could ever be in any series of talks. I also want you to know that all the priests here thoroughly enjoy what issues we have on hand. This reaction has prompted this letter.

Fr. Terrence Dougherty, OC
Discalced Carmelite Fathers
Brookline, Massachusetts

ANOTHER FLOP FOR DON

Please don't ever, ever run another cartoon like the one on page 26 in issue #86. I refer of course to the Don Martin masterpiece "In The Acme Ritz Central Arms Waldorf Plaza Hotel". It was so ridiculously funny that I fell off my chair, laughing.

Dick Spargur
Kettering, Ohio

WARM RECEPTION

I thought it was time someone told you that when your magazine arrives up here in cold Iceland, it gives us a warm feeling all over. Mainly, we throw it in the stove.

Birgir Bragason
Reykjavik, Iceland

JUNK MAIL AMMO

The MAD Plan for combatting junk mail has given me a new lease on life. I can hardly wait until the next batch arrives, and I only wish I'd had this ammunition earlier.

Annabelle Sudduth
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

BEATLE-MANIA CONTEST

"Beatle-Mania" has hit the U.S.A. At station WMCA—New York, we asked our listeners, in a mail competition, to "put a Beatle wig on anyone." The "anyones" came pouring in in the form of "Nikita Beatle", "Mona Lisa Beatle", "Y. A. Beatle" and "Alfred E. Beatle"—none other than Alfred E. Neuman, your MAD kid in a Beatle wig (see enclosed pictures). MAD readers, I'm sure, will be delighted to read that their mentor is held in such high esteem by so many WMCA listeners. Alfred E. Beatele weighed in at 11 pounds or approximately 1,000 entries.

Franz Allina
Director of Information
WMCA Radio, New York City

1000 Entries

ALFRED E. NEUMAN FOR PRESIDENT

In 1960, I was a part of the "Seattle Committee For Alfred E. Neuman For President." We still feel that Alfie is our "man"! Let's get the show on the road! Are the campaign kits ready? Sound the clarion and we'll be off and running.

Herbert Shannon
Medina, Washington

Toot-da-toot! Mainly, see ad below!—Ed.

AW, GOWANDA!

This letter offers no suggestions, nor does it contain any criticisms. It's just to thank you for the moments of enjoyment I have received from your magazine.

Mary Jo Studley
Gowanda, New York

HAVE YOURSELF A **POLITICAL PARTY** WITH AN "ALFRED E. NEUMAN FOR PRESIDENT" CAMPAIGN KIT

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A SELF-ADHESIVE 4" x 17" DAY-GLO BUMPER STICKER

A 2½" FULL COLOR CAMPAIGN BUTTON

SIX LAPEL TABS

FLAWRENCE OF ARABIA

Congratulations! I think "Flawrence of Arabia" was tremendous! Incredible! I've always wanted to write and tell you what I think of your work, such as "East Side Story" and "Hood"—but this outdid them all.

Tom Burns
Office of Signal Officer
H.Q. V Corps
Germany

Your supposed satire on the movie "Lawrence of Arabia" was revolting to say the least. Your imbecilic portrayal of Lawrence just plain muck! It wasn't even funny!

Laura Sara Wells
Albuquerque, N.M.

An Enigma

"Flawrence of Arabia" was the best thing you've printed. I congratulate you on a fine piece of work.

Irving Schenkler
Dover, New Jersey

"Flawrence of Arabia" was the worst satire I have ever seen. I can see nothing funny about a brilliant young man exploited and ruined by circumstances and artful people.

A. Toombs
Miami, Florida

I cannot congratulate you enough for the accuracy of your dig at "Lawrence of Arabia" in the February issue. Please accept the thanks of a graceful convert. Through your satire, more people may come to realize that this movie was one of the greatest unintentionally comic pieces in film history.

Sarah Braddock
Haddonfield, N.J.

Even the reaction was an enigma!—Ed.

MAD FOLD-IN

I think your "MAD Fold-In" on the inside back cover of issue #86 was hilarious. I hope you keep this feature coming in future issues. Congratulations on a fine piece of satire and a clever presentation. Why not do something with the "Beatles" in this department?

Frank Pistone, Jr.
Albertson, New York

No sooner said than done! See this issue's inside back cover!—Ed.

I must congratulate you on your "MAD Fold-In" (#86). It was brilliant, a stroke of genius. When I followed your directions and folded the whole magazine that way, it fit perfectly into my garbage disposal. As I said before, you guys are brilliant!

Glenn Kantor
Plainview, Long Island

LIKELY STRIFE

Yaay for you guys and your "Likely Strife" ad satire. You have now produced at least one barb that is unquestionably justifiable, strikes at the heart of the matter, and is of real social value. All that, and funny, too!

Thomas J. Maciolek
Thomas J. Maynard
William C. Roach
Yale University, '67

DISCOVERY AND APPRECIATION

Because I have young sons, copies of MAD Magazine have been lying around our house for a long time which I have been foolishly ignoring. Recently, I picked up a copy to quickly discover that I held in my hands a masterpiece of contemporary social insight, revealing with profound perception most of the idiocy, self-deception and shameless craft of advertising in its various forms. And in all of its erudition, MAD is exceedingly clever and apt. In addition to that, it is obvious that someone is having fun doing it, which elevates it to a high art. I am also astounded at the multiple and complex drawings used in many of the ideas. Only dedication to a cause could bring this about. The light touch is also most refreshing. Of course, I am telling you nothing new, but I am expressing my appreciation—which is what I set out to do.

Warner Williams NSS
Culver, Indiana

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☐ Dave Berg Looks At The USA

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HOLLYWOOD BILGE-BOARD DEPT.

Everyone loves to read gossip . . . especially about Movie Stars. In fact, the Movie Studios are just as anxious to supply gossip and scandal as the public is eager to read it, because it's great publicity and terrific box office. But the usual outlets for such sordid information are dying out. Scandal magazines have just about faded, gossip columns have become trite and hackneyed, and movie fan magazines are only read by fat freckle-faced 14-year-old girls. So if the studios want to reach the multitude of gossip-hungry movie-goers, they are going to have to take over the responsibility of spreading the gossip themselves. One really effective way they can do this is to use the outlet that every movie fan reads — the Movie Ad itself. Can't you see just these . . .

MOVIE ADS WITH BEHIND THE SCENES GOSSIP

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

FINALLY, AFTER ALL THE AGGRAVATION AND TEMPER-

20th CENTURY-FARCE resents

CLEAV

THE SPECTACLE THAT TOOK 10 YEARS TO MAKE, 28 BANKS

ELIZABETH TAYLORMADE (as Cleopatra) RICHARD BU (as Antony)

FEATURING

Antony and Cleopatra fleeing up the Nile on a secluded barge!
Passionately embracing in a romantic Tyrrhenian fishing village!
Making love in the Colosseum while thousands of Romans cheer!
And every so often, agreeing to come back to work on the picture!

WITH SPECTACULAR DISPLAYS OF EMOTION, JEALOUSY, RAGE, TEMPERAMENT AND RUDENESS

Like when real-life husband and wife of stars (Eddie Fishcake and Sybil Burnedup) visit set and watch Elizabeth and Richard in a record-breaking 40 minute love scene—which ends when the Director taps them on shoulder and says, "Okay, break it up, you two! We're ready to start filming now!"

20th Century-Farce gratefully acknowledges

TANTRUMS AND AFFAIRS AND SCANDALS AND NAKED RUNNING AROUND . . .

AGEPATRA

TO FINANCE, AND LEFT US HOPELESSLY IN THE RED FOR 40 MILLION BUCKS TO START OUT WITH!

starring

RNEDUP REX HARRASMENT RODDY McTOWEL DURWARD KIRBY

(as Caesar) (as Octavius) (as the Asp)

PRODUCED BY WALTER WAGER **DIRECTED BY JOSEPH L. MAKEAWISH**

Formerly directed by:

Sidney Luma (1960-62) Fired by Wager for ridiculing final shooting script
Stanley Boyd (1957-59) Fired by Wager for talking back to Miss Taylormade
Louis B. Cordaro (1955-56) Fired by Wager for exhibiting too much talent
Julius LaRosa ('54) Fired by Godfrey. Not this film, but can we ever forget?

AND INCLUDING THE FOLLOWING BREAKDOWNS:

Salary Breakdowns: *Miss Taylormade* — $1,000,000 plus $50,000 a week overtime, plus 10% of distributor's gross, plus 50% of local theaters' gross, plus 60% of candy counters' gross, plus 15% of ushers' salaries, plus 10% of Alice Faye's 20th Century-Farce TV movie residuals. *Everyone else in the cast:* Divvy up the deposit bottles. **Gown Breakdowns:** Hundreds during the filming. A few are even sneaked past censors and appear on the screen. **Nervous Breakdowns:** The Producer, the Director, the Accounting Staff, the Distributors, and Alice Faye.

the cooperation of Charlton Heston for giving us his permission to use Israel for some of the film sequences.

A GANG OF MODERN DESPERADOES — DRINKING, PILLAGING, CAROUSING, RUNNING WILD THRU THE COUNTRYSIDE, ABDUCTING WOMEN, STEALING FROM THE RICH AND KEEPING IT FOR KICKS! AND ALL THIS OFF CAMERA IN THEIR SPARE TIME WHILE FILMING . . .

ROBIN AND THE 7 CLYDES

Nominated By The Motion Picture Academy For 5 Academy Awards
Nominated By The Local Cops For 31 Disorderly Conduct Charges

STARRING...

FRANK SINGATRA • DEAN MARTINI • SAMMY DAHVIN, JR. • JOEY PUSHUP

DRINKING...

8 QUARTS BOURBON • 17 QUARTS SOUR MASH • 19 BOTTLES MANISCHEWITZ • 1 GLASS OF SCHAV

Being Egged On By Nutty Clan Members Visiting The Set, Like:

Shirley McLooney • Peter Loudmouth • Judy Gargland

And Introducing The Surprise Drunk Of Rehearsals, Songwriter Sammy Con

(Who doesn't even have anything to do with the picture!)

FEATURING THESE EXCITING LAW SUITS.

AGAINST DEAN MARTINI
By Mrs. Agatha Frimp, a housewife, who claims that Dino had wrecked her magnolia garden when he staggered drunk across it while trying to use her sprinkler system as a "chaser."

AGAINST FRANK SINGATRA
By Terrence Greps, a local barber, who claims Frankie called his daughter Margo a "Broad." Daughter Margo is exactly 3½ years old!

AGAINST JOEY PUSHUP
By Vincent McFump, the 12-year-old boy who fell from the rafters and through the set floor after sneaking in to watch the shooting. As the entire cast ran toward the kid, Joey ad-libbed: "It's all right! Every boy goes through a stage!!"

Don't breathe a word about the embarrassing incident at rehearsal when a skinny kid obviously suffering from M-D was dragged from the set screaming "I like it! I like it!" after heckling Dean Martini.

BITS! LINES! GAGS! SCHTICKS! UNBELIEVABLE AD-LIBBING!

It's The Clan At Their Wildest—And It's All Cut From The Film!

(It may be cleaned up and released at a future Friars Club Stag Party!)

MIS-HAPPY HOLIDAY DEPT.

Every holiday weekend—like f'rinstance this Memorial Day—just when we're all set to have a wonderful time, The National Safety Council puts a damper on the whole thing by predicting how many people will be involved in fatal accidents, drownings, and other major calamities. Actually, all these catastrophes only involve about .0005% of our population. How about the other 99.9995% of us who suffer small accidents, minor catastrophes and annoying inconveniences? Don't we deserve any recognition for our pain and suffering? You bet we do! Therefore, after much careful research, compilations, projections, and flipping of coins, as a public service we proudly present...

THE MAD SAFETY COUNCIL'S PREDICTIONS

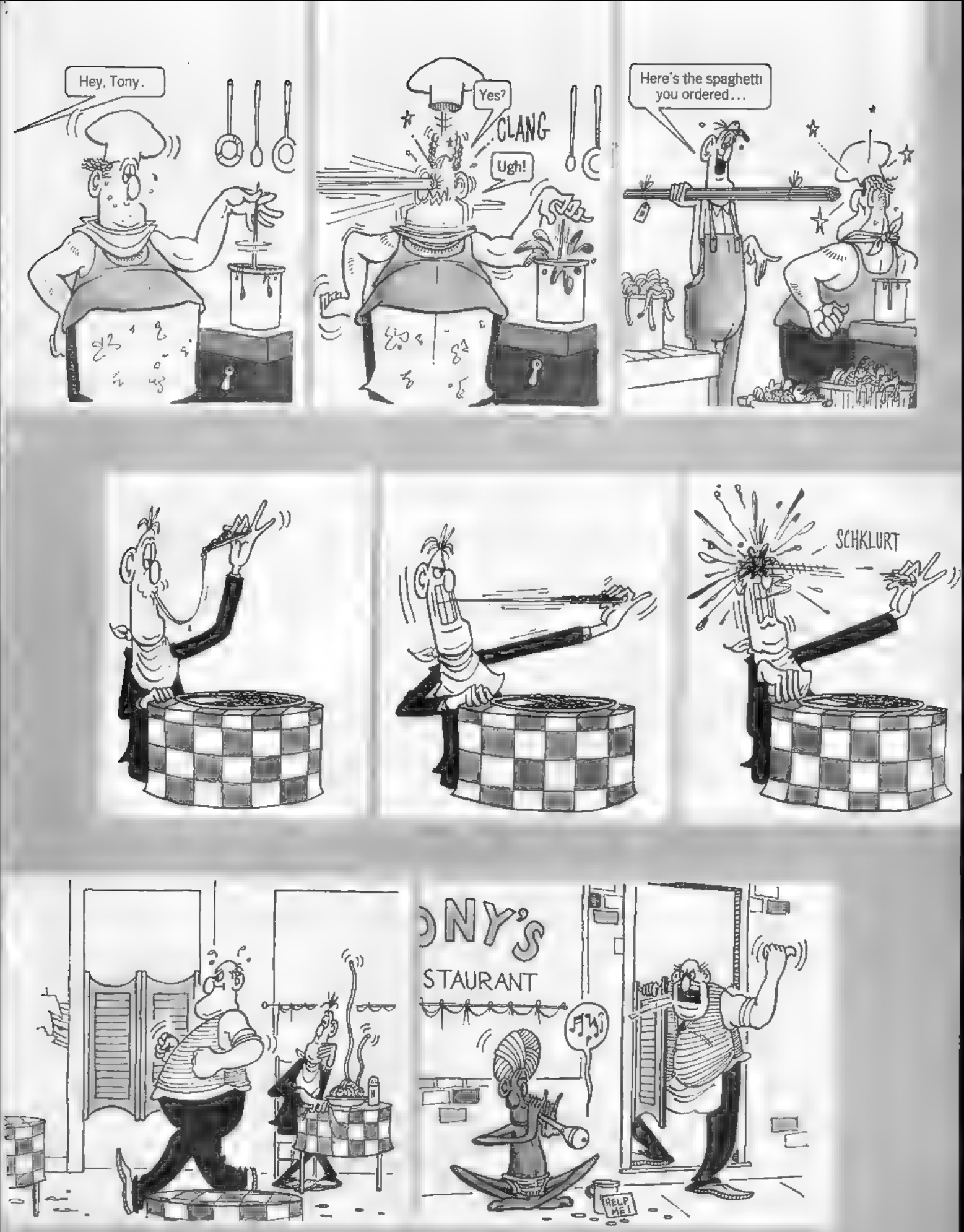
For The Upcoming July 4th Weekend

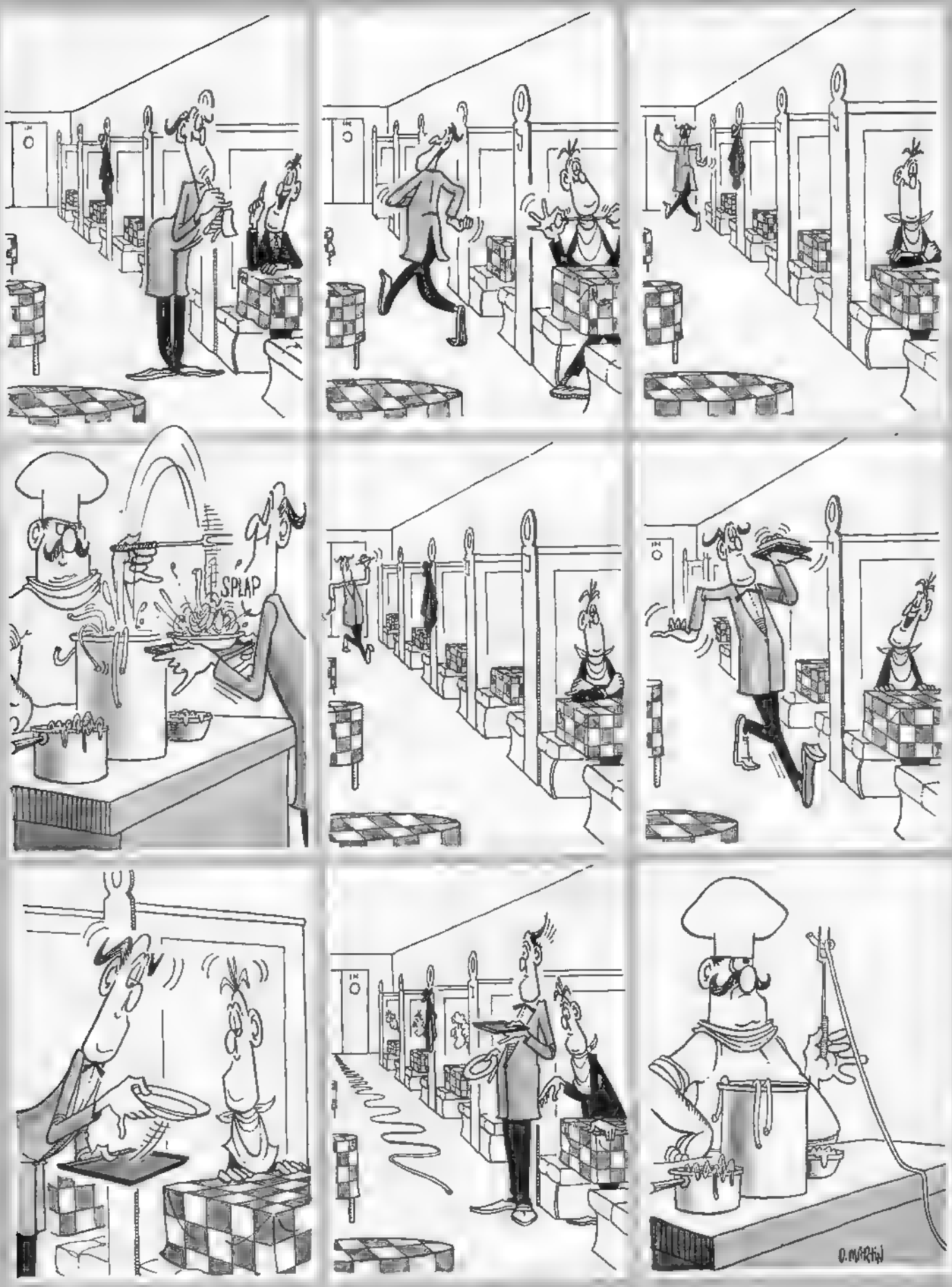
(How many people will be involved in what-type minor catastrophes)

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES WRITER: STAN HART

PREDICTION	◀1,700,000	◀1,800,000	◀1,900,000	◀2,000,000	◀2,100,000
People who will scream when friends greet them with slaps on their sunburned backs.					
Parents who will end up searching for their lost children at public beaches.					
Parents who **won't bother** searching for their lost children at public beaches.					
Kids who will be scraped raw when mothers pull their bathing suits off at public beaches.					
Kids who will suffer serious traumas when the towels come off with bathing suits at public beaches.					
People who will starve to death at Howard Johnson's while they waited to be served.					
People who will be served at Howard Johnson's and will **still** end up starved to death.					
People who will receive the new mouth-to-mouth resuscitation at the beach.					
People who will **look** like they are receiving the new mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.					
People who will get second degree burns on their shoulders while searching for their cars in parking fields.					
People who will get third degree burns on their hands when they finally find their parked cars.					

DON MARTIN IN AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT


Hey, Tony.
Yes?
CLANG
Ugh!
Here's the spaghetti you ordered...
SCHKLURT
ONY'S
STAURANT
HELP ME!


SPLAP
D. MARTIN

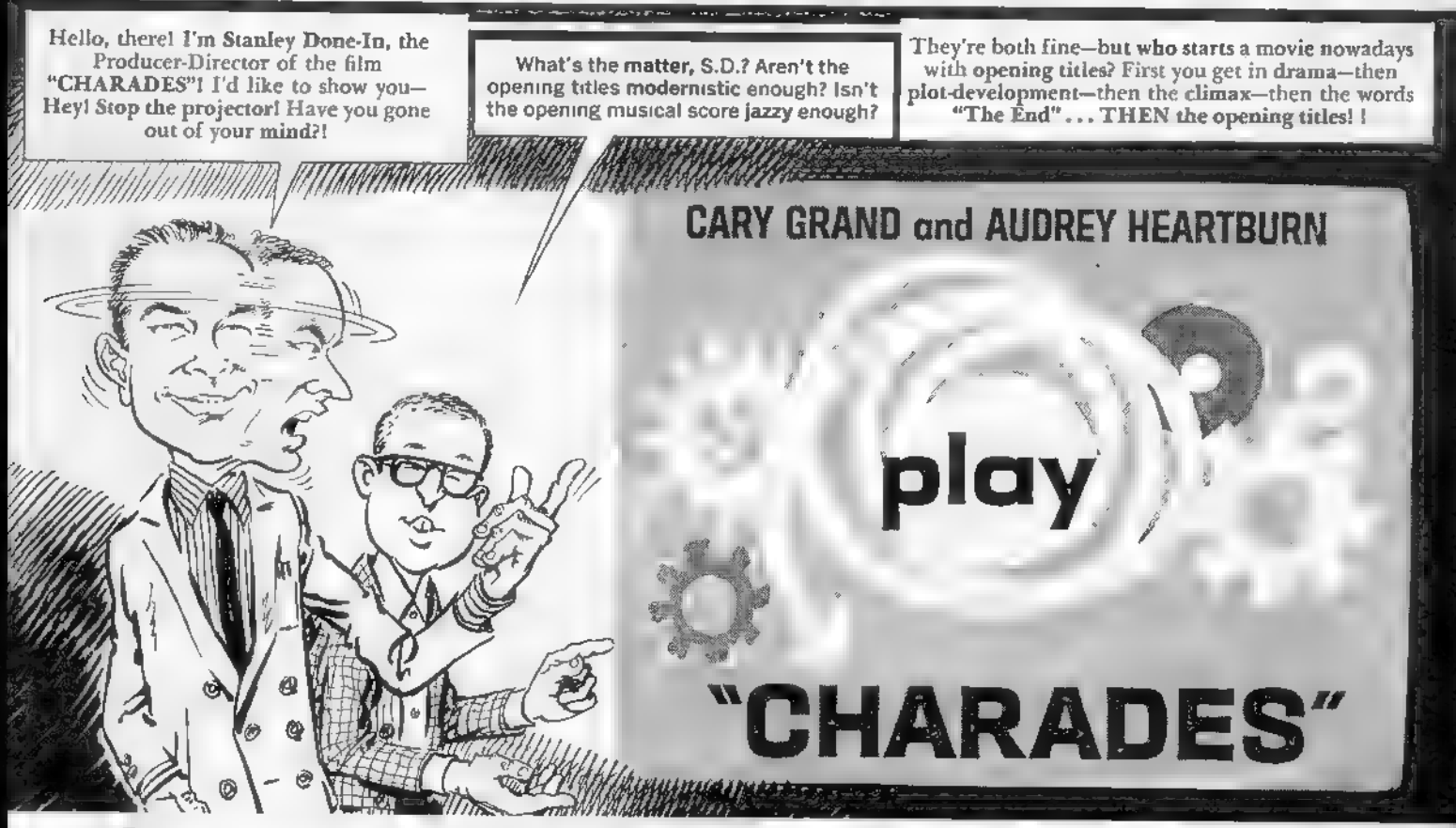
CORPSE AND ROBBERS DEPT.

Okay, Gang! It's time for another MAD version of a popular movie. Lean back, relax, take your shoes off, notice that the people sitting next to you are running for other seats, put your shoes back on, and join us as

MAD VISITS THE PRODUCER-DIRECTOR OF

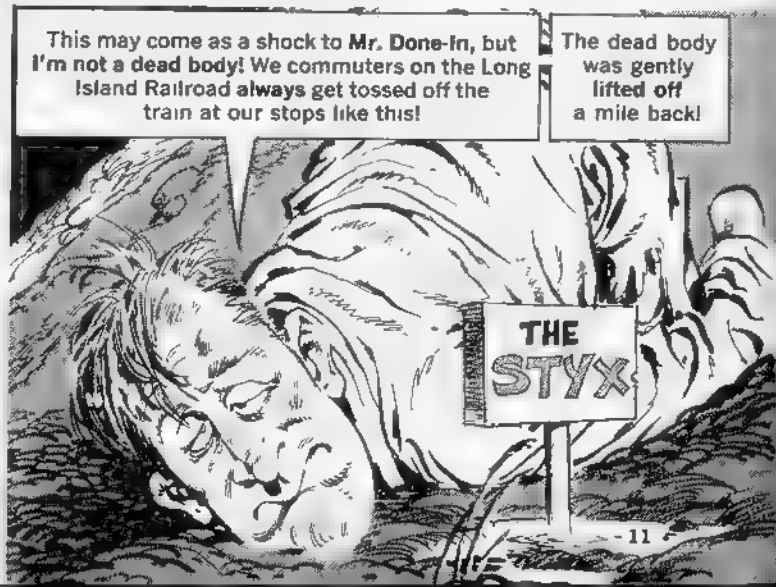
"CHARADES"

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



There—that's a much better opening... a dead body being thrown from a train!

In a horrible comedy like this—I mean a horror-comedy like this, you must shock the audience immediately...



Now cut to an Alpine ski resort. Those people who weren't shocked by the dead body will be shocked by the live **Cary Grand without make-up!**

Dialogue in any Cary Grand movie is always the same as dialogue in real life. **Richard Burton's** real life!

Cary, what **happened?** You look like you're **60 years old!**

I AM 60 years old!

But you're supposed to look **35** . . . for at least 60 more years!

I know, but I've been **worrying** a lot lately!

What have **you** been worrying about?

How I'm going to look **35** for 60 more years!

I'm Peter Josher! I'm witty, suave, sophisticated, a fabulous dresser, and unemployed!

I'm Rigid Lambone! We've known each other for two minutes and five seconds now . . . so naturally I've fallen in **love** with you!

As usual, I act **cute** and **coy**, so you'll have to **chase** me for 10 reels!

I don't mind! —How fast can an old man **run!?**

Now we cut to the exciting suspense-filled scene when Rigid arrives at her apartment in Paris and finds it stripped bare. She rushes from room to room opening closets—

Injecting **humor** into **morbid scenes** is a prerequisite of a horror-comedy like this one. Take this scene at the funeral, where we meet three murder suspects:

What a **shock!** What an **awful disappointment!** You must feel **terrible** not finding any clothes in your closets!

I don't feel half as bad as the **audience!** They're shocked and disappointed because I didn't find any **bodies** in my closets!

I'm Leopold Giddyman! I'm **sneezing** in the corpse's face to see if he's **really dead!**

I'm Kentuck Pentup! I'm **pushing a mirror under the corpse's nose** . . . to see if he's really dead!

I'm Herman Scuba! I'm **sticking a pin into the corpse's hand** to see if he's really dead!

Well, the way you three all **stormed** in here, if he **was** faking up to now, you probably **scared him to death!**

Note the injection of humor in this next gripping scene of intrigue at the U.S. Embassy. . .

Next, the hero takes the heroine to a Paris night club, and being so **debonnair** and **sophisticated**, they naturally play "pass the orange" on the dance floor.

. . . so anyway, your husband was murdered and his body thrown from that train. The three main suspects are old army buddies of his. They're after $250,000 the four of them stole from the U.S. Government during the war. Your husband is believed to have **hidden it** somewhere . . .

Why is a distinguished Ambassador like **you** telling me this horrible news while wearing those **ridiculous shorts?**

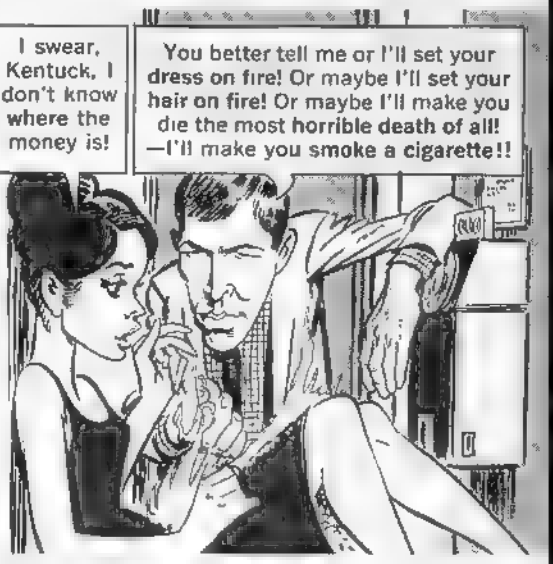
The writer couldn't think of any witty **remarks** I could make to get laughs!

What's this got to do with the plot?

Not a thing! It just gives me a chance to act cute and coy with this **fat lady**—so all the **fat ladies** in the audience can identify with her!

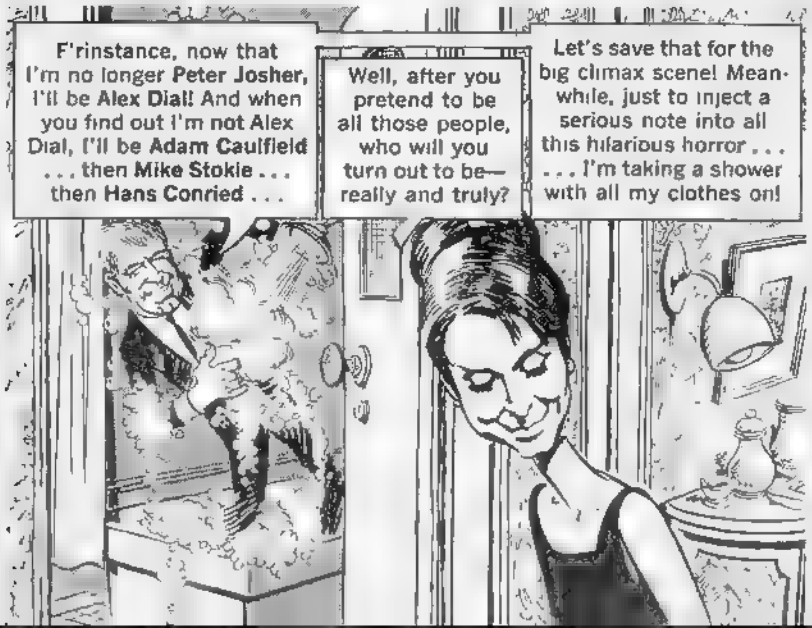
Suddenly, Rigid finds herself passing the orange to Giddyman, one of the murder suspects. He threatens to torture her . . .

The second suspect, Kentuck, threatens Rigid with lighted matches in a phone booth . . .

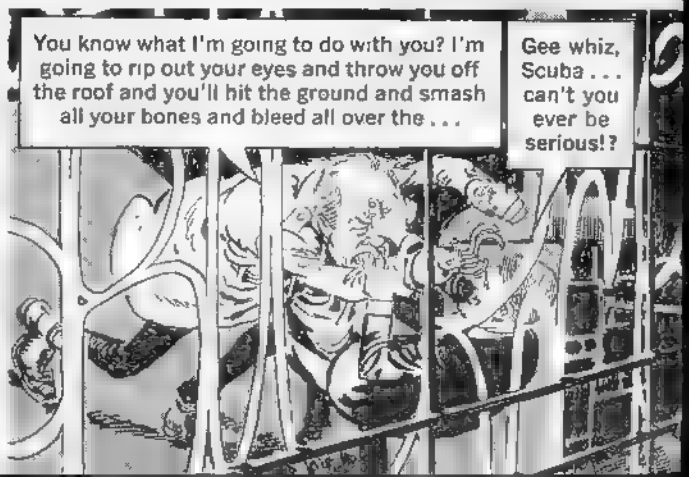


The third suspect, Scuba—a big, fat, grotesque slobbering hulk with an artificial hand—waits for Rigid and threatens her in her hotel room.

And then, a hysterical new development! The hero, Peter Josher, becomes a fourth suspect!



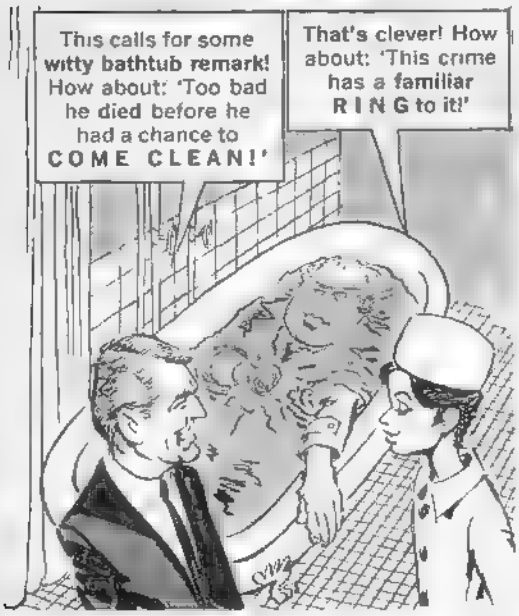
Now for the scene that's a "must" for every horror-comedy movie like this one—the thrilling but frightening fight on the rooftop—with witty remarks to take the edge off—

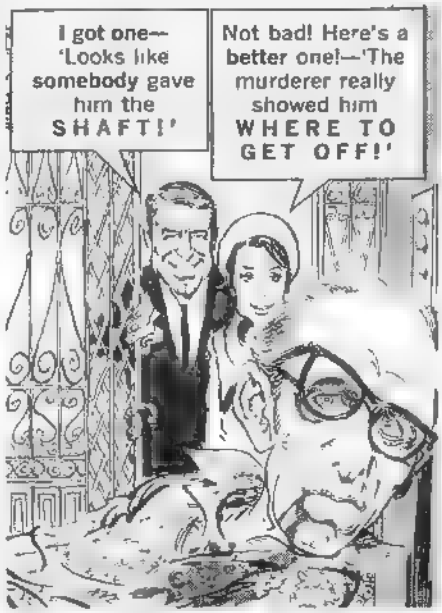


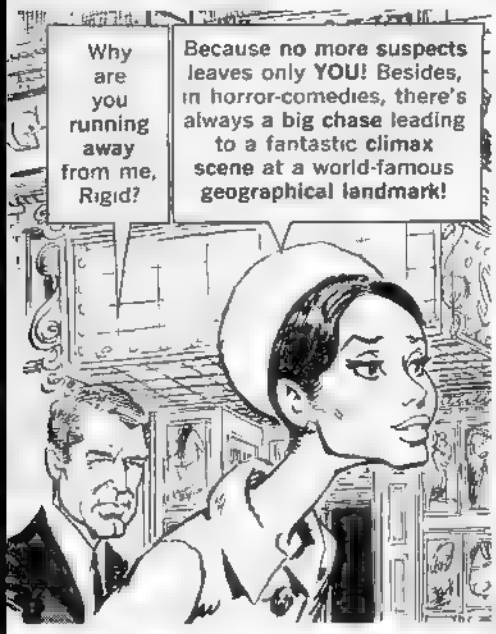
And now for some really funny scenes. Scuba is found drowned in a bathtub.

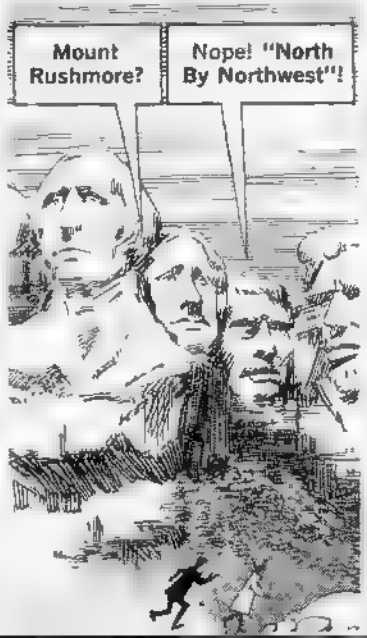
Next, Giddyman's throat is slit in an elevator . . .

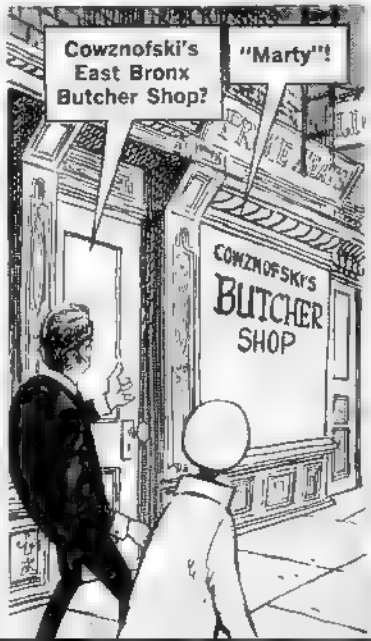
And finally, Kentuck is found with a vinyl plastic bag tied over his head.











I guess there are no more original world landmarks left to stage an exciting climax scene! Besides, I frankly don't care where the money is—or who the murderer is! But there's one thing I must know! You've played so many different people in this movie, tell me! Who are you really? I mean really!

I'm glad you asked! Let's play "Charades" from the picture of the same name! Ready for the first clue?

Little word—a!—an!—the! The first word is "THE". . . !

Tall!—Large!—Big!—Bigger!—Biggest! The second word is "BIGGEST". . . ! "THE BIGGEST—"

Third word—Star!—STAR! Fourth word—Square!—Box! Box top!—Box Score!—Box Office!—BOX OFFICE . . . !

"THE BIGGEST BOX OFFICE STAR—IN—THE—WHOLE WORLD . . . !"

Let's see . . . you acted out that you are—

"THE BIGGEST BOX OFFICE STAR IN THE WHOLE WORLD—

WHO IS ALWAYS ACTING NAUSEATINGLY COY WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX—

INSTEAD OF PLAYING MORE APPROPRIATE GROWN-UP ROLES—

FOR SOMEONE WAY PAST MIDDLE-AGE"!

I THINK I KNOW WHO I AM.

I got it! You're really yourself! CARY GRANT!

Wrong! I'm really DORIS DAYE!!

Then if you're Doris Daye . . . The murderer must be . . .

STOP THE PROJECTOR! THAT'S ENOUGH! LET'S NOT GIVE AWAY THE BIG SURPRISE! ! !

Anyway, that's "Charades"—folks! A picture full of murder, suspense, shock, chases, tongue-in-cheek dialogue and sex! Which brings us to another surprise! I'm really playing Charades myself! You see—I'm not really Stanley Done-In!

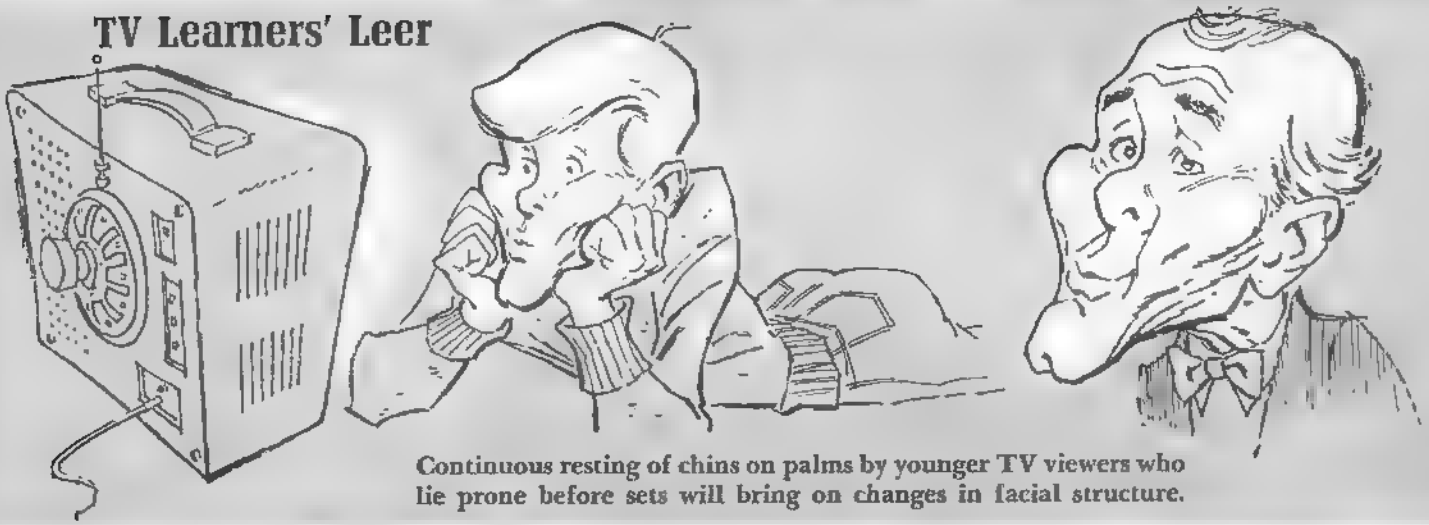
I'm really ALFRED HATCHPLOT! Who else could've made this picture?

Like other forms of life, Primitive Man adapted to his environment and was sometimes changed by it. Today, Modern Man's environment includes a fantastic array of commercial

The Long Range Effects

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

TV Learners' Leer



Continuous resting of chins on palms by younger TV viewers who lie prone before sets will bring on changes in facial structure.

Bell's Ear

Flattening of one or both ears will be result of public's heavy addiction to incessant telephoning.

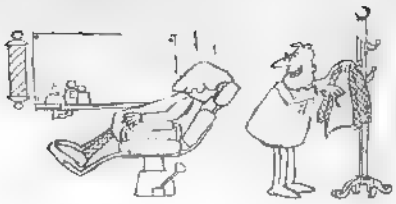
Compact Cramp

Years of squeezing and squashing into gnome-tailored foreign and domestic economy autos will result in a severe loss of limb-joint mobility and flexibility

Wallet Waddle

Permanent limp caused by years of lugging around fat wallets stuffed with plastic credit cards, laundry slips, photos, money, etc.—all the items necessary in order for modern citizens to function in our society.

products and services that must, in time, have their effect on the millions who use them. Carrying this premise to its ridiculous extreme, here is how we at MAD envision:



Of Products On People

WRITER: DON REILLY

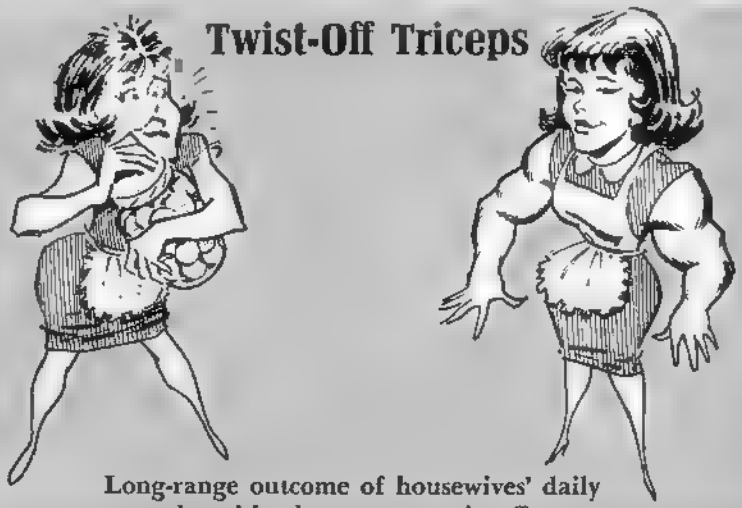
Stretch-Pants Stance

Spindly look will result from prolonged use of tight stretch pants, compressing muscles, flesh and bones into atrophied masses of what were once legs and hips.

Aerosol Index Finger

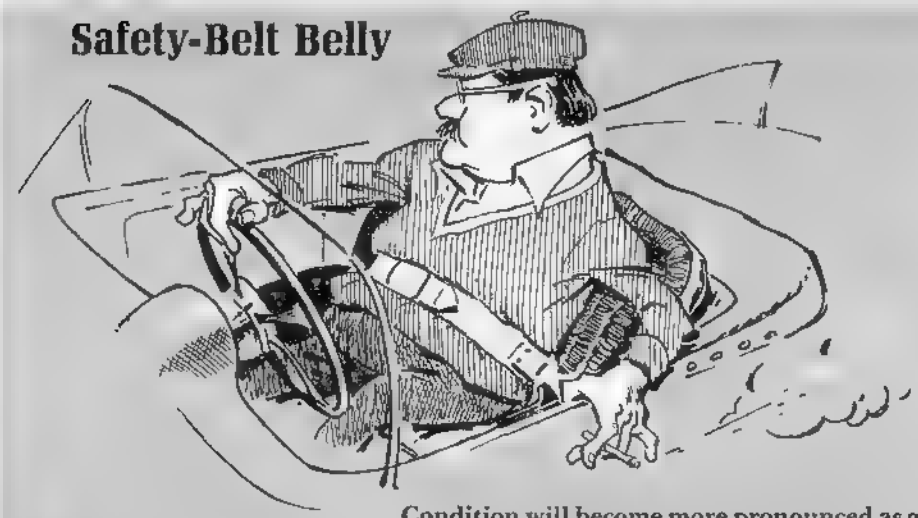
Increased application of pressure-can-packing will result in over-development of the activating digit.

Twist-Off Triceps



Long-range outcome of housewives' daily struggle with them easy, twist-off tops.

Safety-Belt Belly

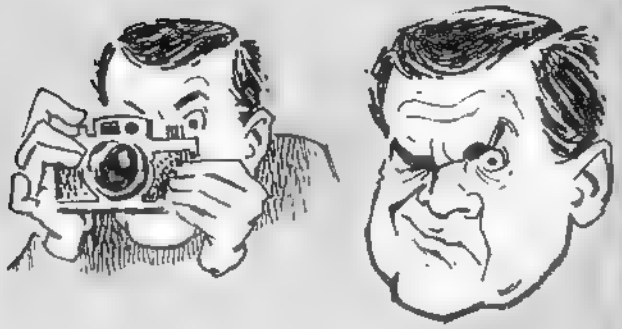


Condition will become more pronounced as generations of drivers survive head-on collisions at high speeds.

Pop-Top Thumb

Layers of scar tissue will build up from constant cutting on fiendish pop-top cans.

Shutterbug Squint



Camera fanatics will develop permanent wink from incessant snap-snap-snapping.

Wildroot Cream Head

Prolonged application of various chemicals to make hair manageable will result in a decalcifying of the skull, making the head itself soft and floppy and easy to manage.

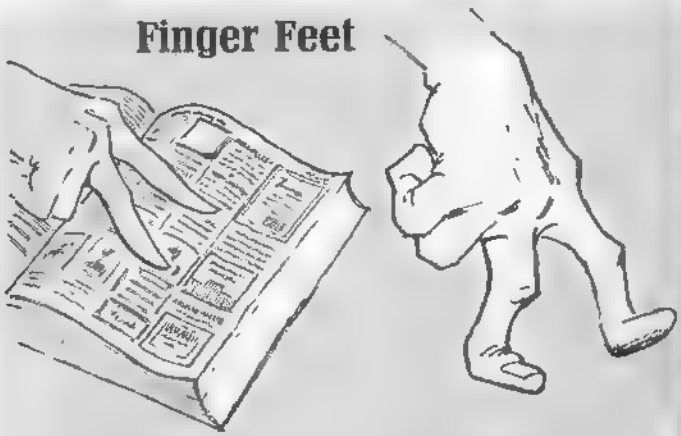
Housewives' Arm

Continuous stretching into top-loading automatic washers and deep freezes will cause this eventual physiological oddity: mainly the shorter the woman, the longer the arm.

Filter Face

Prolonged sucking on more and more efficient filters will finally result in a permanent adaptation of the effects: Puckered lips and hollowed cheeks.

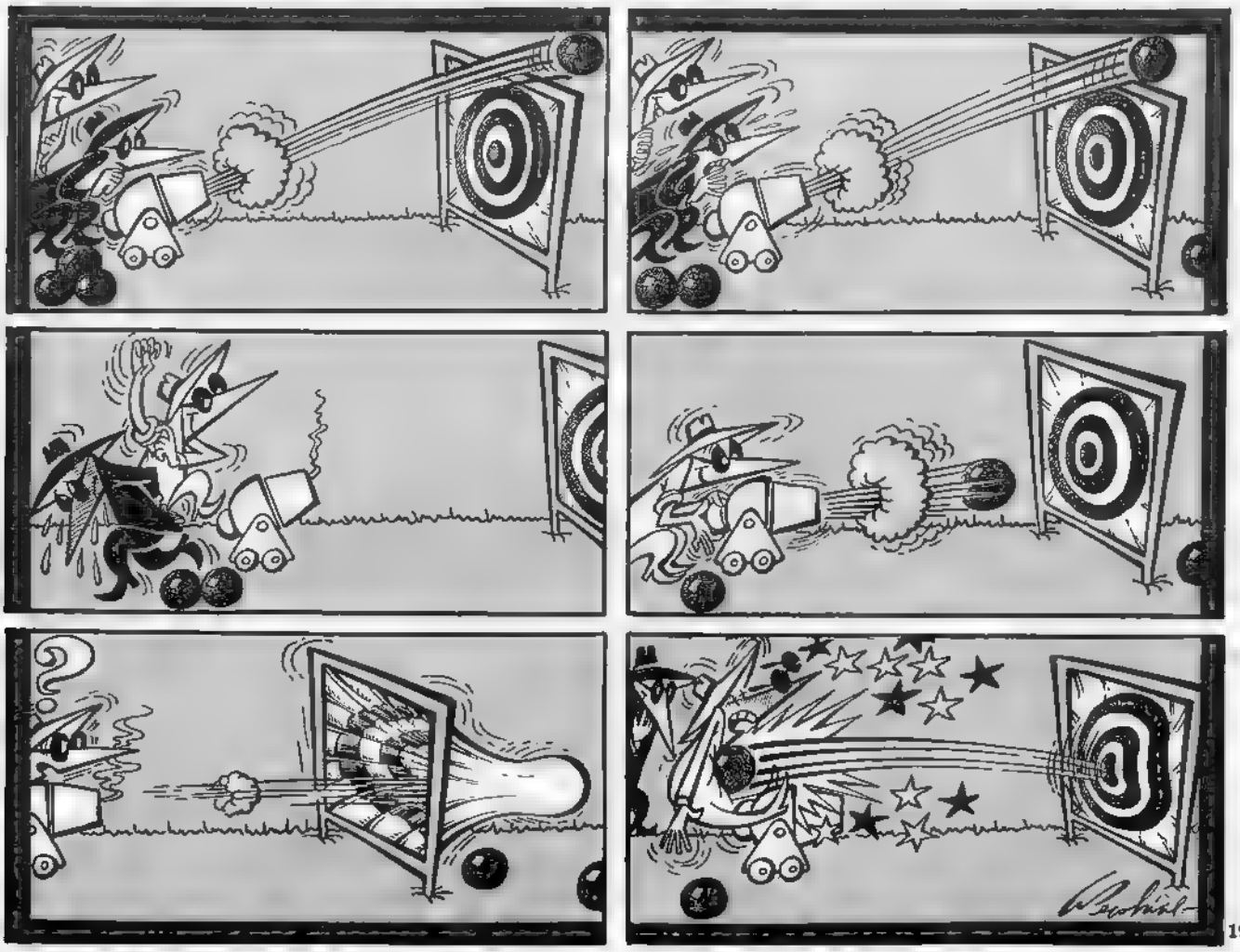
Finger Feet

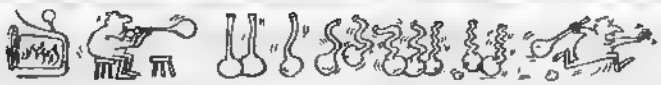


A physical result of generations of lazy slobs letting their fingers do the walking through *The Yellow Pages*.

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I

SPY VS SPY

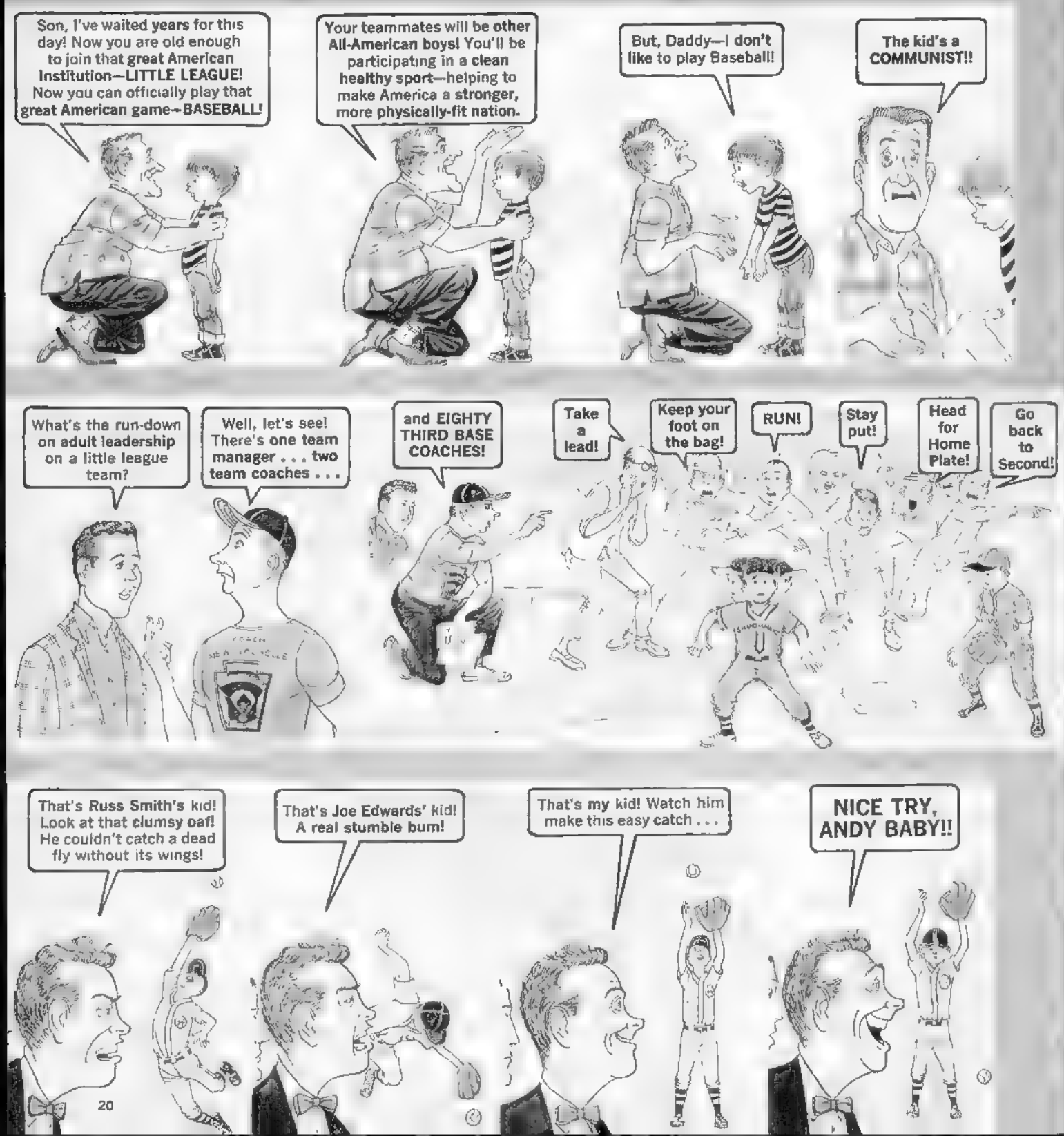




BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

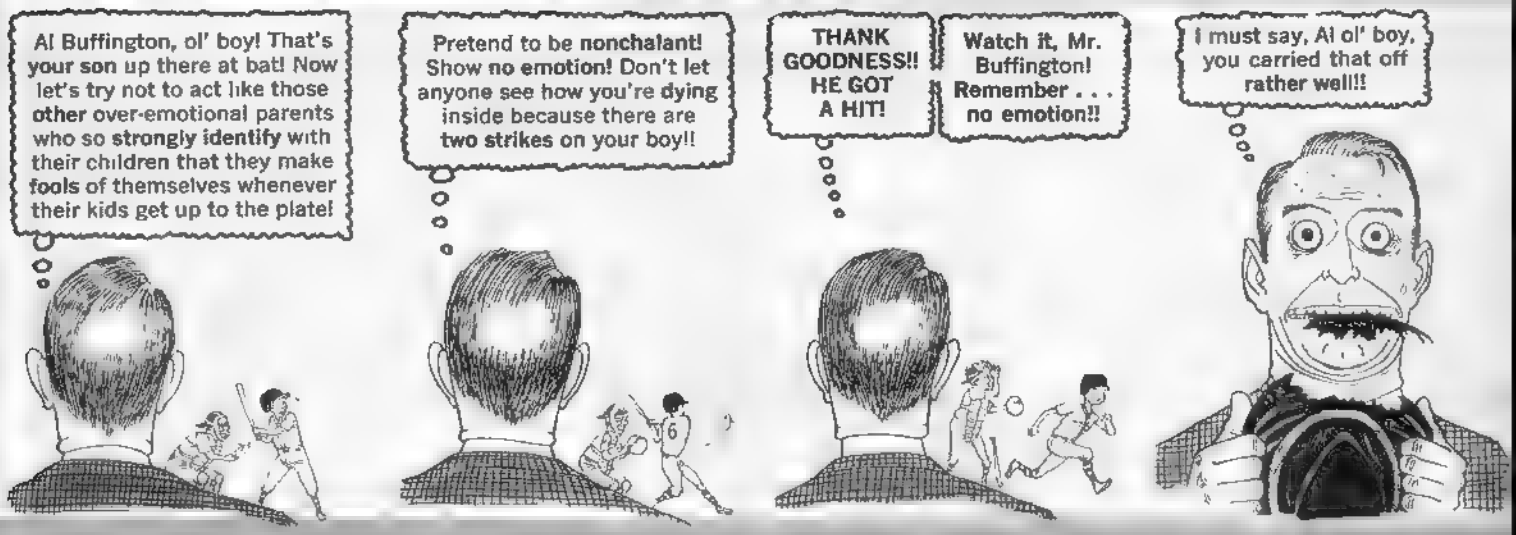
Dave Berg once coached a Little League team, so he knows something about the subject. He may even agree with the critics of this Junior Sport who say, "Get the parents out of Little League and give it back to the kids!" Certainly all the players on the Little League team Dave coached will agree! They lost every game!

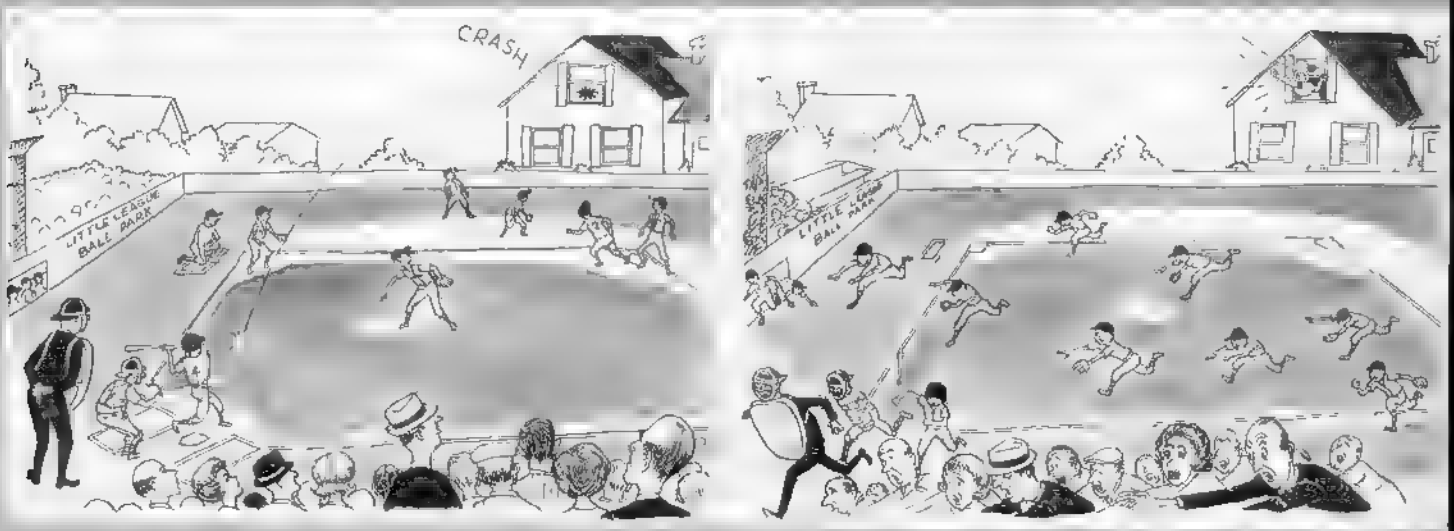
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF little

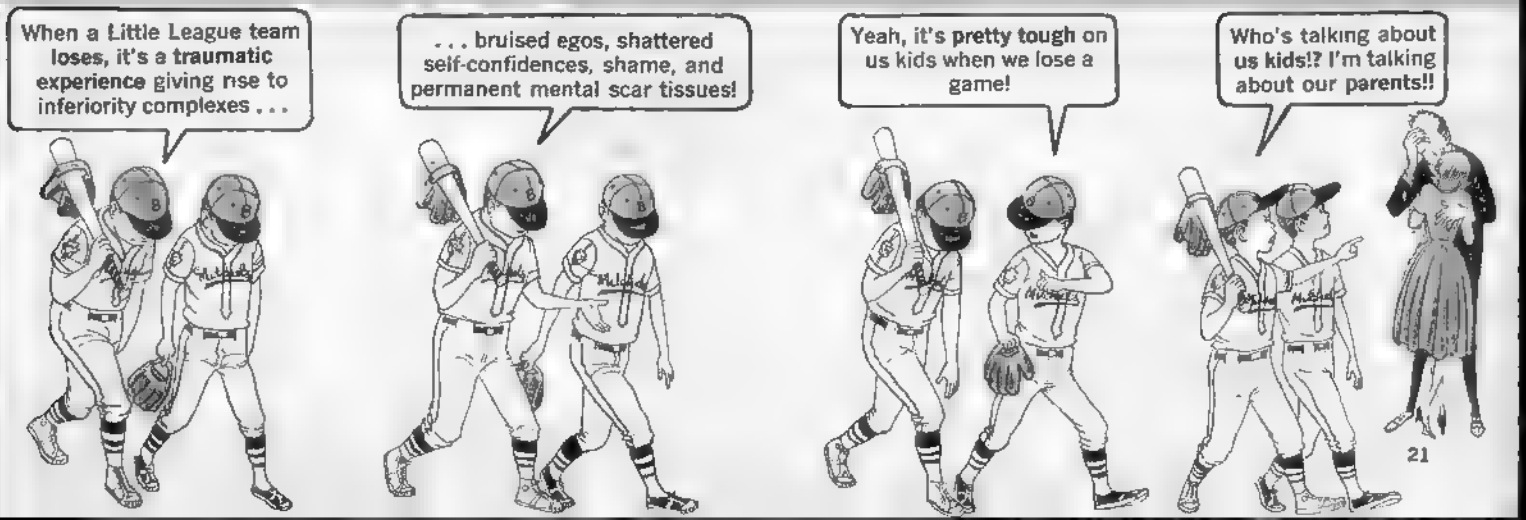


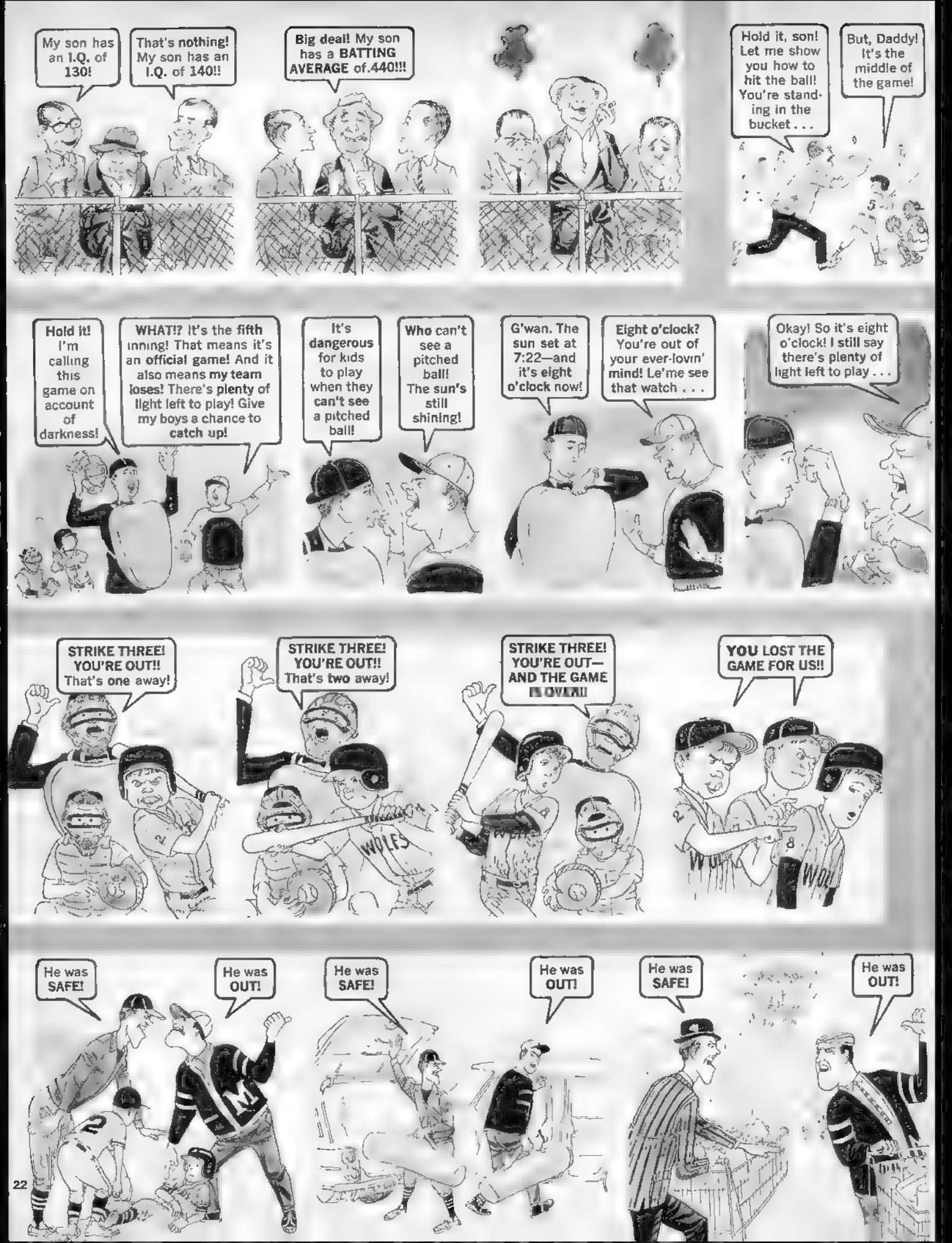
league

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

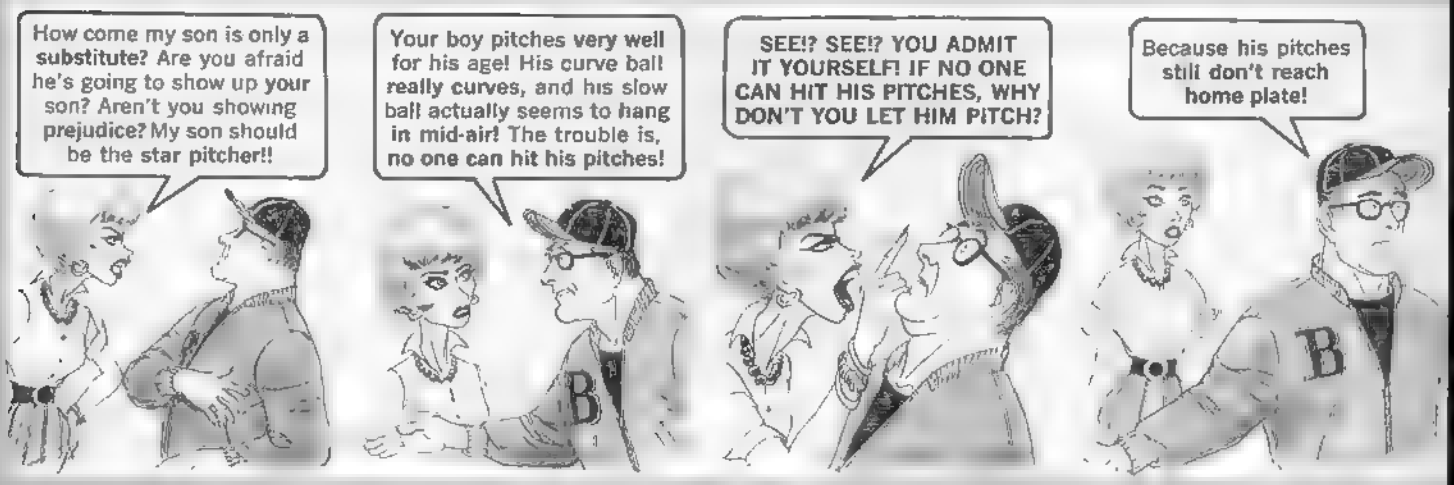


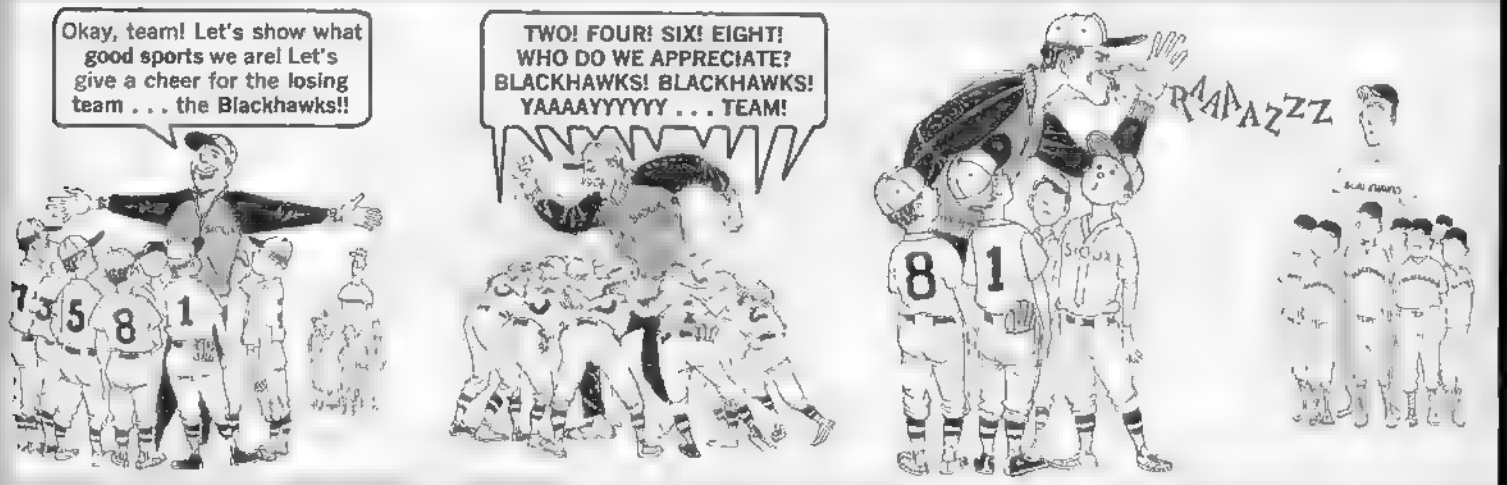





My son has an I.Q. of 130!
That's nothing! My son has an I.Q. of 140!!
Big deal! My son has a BATTING AVERAGE of .440!!!
Hold it, son! Let me show you how to hit the ball! You're standing in the bucket . . .
But, Daddy! It's the middle of the game!
Hold it! I'm calling this game on account of darkness!
WHAT!? It's the fifth inning! That means it's an official game! And it also means my team loses! There's plenty of light left to play! Give my boys a chance to catch up!
It's dangerous for kids to play when they can't see a pitched ball!
Who can't see a pitched ball! The sun's still shining!
G'wan. The sun set at 7:22—and it's eight o'clock now!
Eight o'clock? You're out of your ever-lovin' mind! Le'me see that watch . . .
Okay! So it's eight o'clock! I still say there's plenty of light left to play . . .
STRIKE THREE! YOU'RE OUT!! That's one away!
STRIKE THREE! YOU'RE OUT!! That's two away!
STRIKE THREE! YOU'RE OUT— AND THE GAME IS OVER!!
YOU LOST THE GAME FOR US!!
He was SAFE!
He was OUT!
He was SAFE!
He was OUT!
He was SAFE!
He was OUT!

As long as he's showing his kid how to hit, I'll show you how to pitch . . .
Just put it over the plate!
Let me give you some tips on how to play Second Base! Don't stand on top of it! Play to the left of it . . .
When you're playing Centerfield, you gotta play deep! And stand with your hands on your knees ready to run in . . .
Who's winning? The parents of your team . . . or the parents of my team?


How come my son is only a substitute? Are you afraid he's going to show up your son? Aren't you showing prejudice? My son should be the star pitcher!!
Your boy pitches very well for his age! His curve ball really curves, and his slow ball actually seems to hang in mid-air! The trouble is, no one can hit his pitches!
SEE!? SEE!? YOU ADMIT IT YOURSELF! IF NO ONE CAN HIT HIS PITCHES, WHY DON'T YOU LET HIM PITCH?
Because his pitches still don't reach home plate!


Okay, team! Let's show what good sports we are! Let's give a cheer for the losing team . . . the Blackhawks!!
TWO! FOUR! SIX! EIGHT! WHO DO WE APPRECIATE? BLACKHAWKS! BLACKHAWKS! YAAAAYYYYYY . . . TEAM!
RAAAZZZ

He was SAFE!
He was OUT!
He was SAFE!
He was OUT!
Will you two forget it already!? It's been TWO YEARS!!
SLAM

TALK OF THE TOWN DEPT.

If you happen to live in a foreign country, you probably know a great deal about America. That's because the United States spends a fortune on its Information Service to tell foreigners about the American way of life. But if you happen to be an American, you're stuck! There's no Information Service for explaining America to Americans! Because of this terrible state of affairs, we at MAD have set up our own Information Service so you clod readers can find out what people are saying and doing around the U.S.A. So here we go with the first installment of MAD's brand new educational feature:

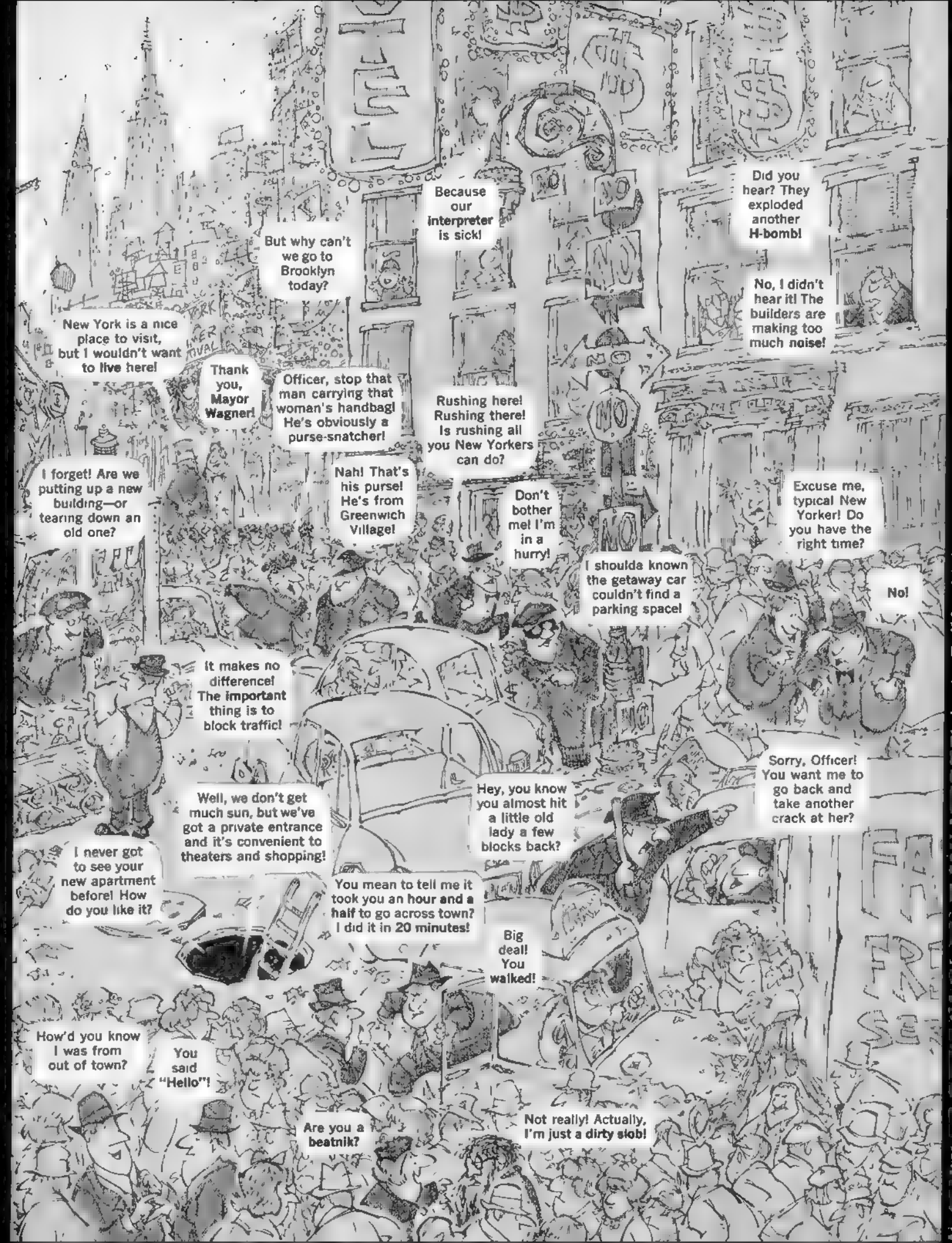
THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE U.S.A.

THIS ISSUE SPOTLIGHTING

NEW YORK CITY

WRITERS: LARRY SIEGEL & FRANK JACOBS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR


But why can't we go to Brooklyn today?
Because our interpreter is sick!
Did you hear? They exploded another H-bomb!
No, I didn't hear it! The builders are making too much noise!
New York is a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live here!
Thank you, Mayor Wagner!
Officer, stop that man carrying that woman's handbag! He's obviously a purse-snatcher!
Rushing here! Rushing there! Is rushing all you New Yorkers can do?
Nah! That's his purse! He's from Greenwich Village!
I forget! Are we putting up a new building—or tearing down an old one?
Don't bother me! I'm in a hurry!
Excuse me, typical New Yorker! Do you have the right time?
I shoulda known the getaway car couldn't find a parking space!
No!
It makes no difference! The important thing is to block traffic!
Sorry, Officer! You want me to go back and take another crack at her?
Hey, you know you almost hit a little old lady a few blocks back?
Well, we don't get much sun, but we've got a private entrance and it's convenient to theaters and shopping!
I never got to see your new apartment before! How do you like it?
You mean to tell me it took you an hour and a half to go across town? I did it in 20 minutes!
Big deal! You walked!
How'd you know I was from out of town?
You said "Hello"!
Are you a beatnik?
Not really! Actually, I'm just a dirty slob!

TENANTS, ANYONE? DEPT.

We've often heard about all you people who live in apartment houses for 10 or 15 years and never get to meet your next door neighbors. Well, we have a suggestion for you: Move to a private house! However, if you still insist upon living in an apartment house and

ALL THE NEWS THAT SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE THROUGH THE BUILDING WE ALSO PRINT HERE

The Swampview

WEEK OF APRIL 17, 1964

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

Mrs. Sprintzer (4-A) To Finally Get Paint Job

After a wait of 8½ years and 12 rent increases, the Landlord has finally come to terms and agreed to have Mrs. Ethel Sprintzer's 3½ room apartment painted, the terms being that she come across with another $45-a-month rent increase.

Mrs. Sprintzer was so surprised when she heard the news that she nearly fell off her knees in the Landlord's office, where she had gone to beg for the 429th time.

"I just can't understand his sudden generosity," she exclaimed happily. "Imagine, last year, a new refrigerator for a $7-a-month increase . . . last month, a new door bell for a $5-a-month increase . . . and now this! Who knows? Next, they may come through with the windows they've been promising me!"

Mrs. Sprintzer will be given her choice of the usual "Standard Decorator Colors" offered by the Swampview Terrace: "Moose Brown", "Battleship Gray", "World War II Olive Drab", and the popular "Foxhole Yellow". If she wants white, pink, blue, or any other sensible color, it will cost her an additional $175 per room.

Moe "Painter" Funk will be awarded the contract for the job. Moe is well-known in this area for his sensitive performances, such as painting every steel beam on the Newkirk Avenue subway station without once dripping on the platform, and doing the entire Hudde Junior High School Gym without once using a brush. When asked to comment on the upcoming Sprintzer contract, Funk shrugged, "Look, to me it's a paint job like any other paint job — a dab here, a shmear there! If she expects two coats, she can forget it!"

Funk's work has been seen frequently in some of the finer magazines, such as "Better Homes & Gardens" and "House Beautiful". When asked about this, Funk shook his head and smiled, "For this job, I'm gonna forget about them class magazines! I'm gonna lay out a whole mess of newspapers and let my work drip on them instead! It's cheaper, and just as neat!"

The painter is scheduled to show up Monday morning at 8:00 . . . which means that Mrs. Sprintzer can expect him Thursday at Noon.

Mrs. Sprintzer in her soon-to-be-painted 4th floor apartment.

The Swampview Terrace's "Angry Note Of The Week"

Every week, numerous angry notes are written by tenants and spotted around the building—in the elevators, on the incinerators, in the lobby, under apartment doors, etc. And every week, your editors sort through these to select the best one so that all you readers can have a chance to see what some of your fellow-tenants are steamed up over. This week's *Angry Note* was found posted on the 4th floor incinerator:

TO THE PIG WHO HASN't BEEN PUSHING HIS GARBAGE DOWN!

will the disgusting 4th floor person who has been leaving his Garbage inside the incinerator chute without pushing it all the way down, please see to it that in the Future he pushes his Garbage all the way down instead of leaving it inside the chute. Do you really expect decent clean tenants like myself to come out here every night and push your garbage all the way down for you?? Do you think it is a pleasure to come out here and have to push TWO garbages all the way down? How would you like it? You don't even like to push one garbage all the way down— so you can imagine how disgusting it is to push two all the way down! I am not going to mention names. I do not believe in being Nasty or embarrassing to fellow tenants. But you know who you are! So let this be a final Warning! Push your garbage all the way down, Mr. Getzlaff...or I'll push YOU all the way down!

Signed
An Anonymous Neighbor

would like to know more about your next door neighbor without getting to meet him, we know just the way: Why not print an "Apartment House Newspaper" which informs all the tenants about what all the other tenants and staff are up to. Something like this . . .

Terrace Weekly

WEATHER
Ridiculously hot—due to the incompetence of our Super, who set the furnace for 112° on Friday, and hasn't been able to readjust it since!

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

PRICE: 10 CENTS

ANOTHER COMMOTION IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM

by Nancy "Nosey" Noonan

Witnesses say that the commotion which took place in the Swampview Terrace laundry room last Thursday was the biggest battle they had ever seen there that week. A number of tenants were involved. Here is the story as it was told to this reporter by Mrs. Irma Bombard (5-D), who sits by the laundry room all day long and thrives on such incidents:

It all started when Mrs. Ada Popovitch (3-A) came down and noticed that her bundle of wet wash had been removed from the dryer before it was done, and another put in . . . *and on her time!* Mrs. Popovitch immediately accused Mrs. Prissy "Big-Mouth" Ogilvy (5-L) of the deed, and proceeded to put her own wash back into the dryer, remove the other wash, and bring it up to the fifth floor and leave it in front of Mrs. Ogilvy's door.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Lillian Umbrage (2-H) arrived, and although all washing machines were occupied, proceeded to take Anne (2-C) De Lomo's wash out of the No. 2 machine and put hers in. (Mrs. Umbrage later explained that she was late for a beauty parlor appointment.) When Dede Potlatch (6-G) came down and found that her wash (the bundle erroneously left in front of Mrs. Ogilvy's apartment door by Mrs. Popovitch) was missing from the dryer, she screamed and called the police. At the same time, Anne DeLomo returned for her wash, saw that it was lying on the floor, and immediately started having words with Dede Potlatch. Meanwhile, word got back to Mrs. Ogilvy concerning Mrs. Popovitch's accusation, and she in turn came storming into the laundry room in a rage, flinging Dede's wet bundle at Mrs. Popovitch, but hitting Mrs. Bombard instead, who was sitting by the laundry room, thriving on the incident. It took the police 40 minutes to quell the riot.

This is the seventh time this month that an argument has ensued over the use of the washing machines. When asked to comment, Mr. Emil Lumprack growled, "I cannot understand all these spats. Certainly, the 600 families in the Swampview Terrace can learn to cooperate in the use of the two washing machines and dryer I've supplied them with!"

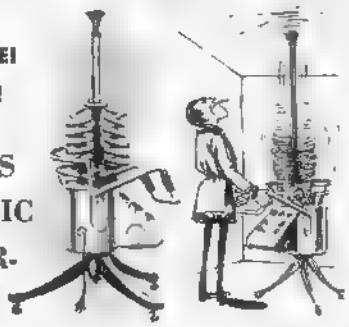
Police lead away participants in recent laundry room commotion.

NEW! SENSATIONAL!

DO YOUR UPSTAIRS NEIGHBORS THROW WILD, NOISY PARTIES? DO THEY CLOMP AROUND ALL NIGHT? DO THEY WALK BACK AND FORTH IN HEELS, AND THEY HAVEN'T GOT CARPETING?

WHY WASTE TIME AND ENERGY BANGING WITH AN OLD-FASHIONED BROOM HANDLE?

SEE WHAT!
MODERNIZE!
TERRORIZE!
USE
BENJIE'S
ELECTRIC
BANGER-
UPPER



BANGS UP REPEATEDLY FOR HOURS! (LONGER ON WEEK-ENDS!) WILL NOT SCUFF YOUR CEILING! GUARANTEED TO PRODUCE RESULTS!

PLANNING TO POST AN ANGRY LETTER

IN THE ELEVATOR, IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM, ON THE INCINERATOR, ON YOUR WIFE'S BUREAU? WHY WRITE IN AN ILLEGIBLE SCRAWL THAT NO ONE WILL UNDERSTAND? WHY NOT LET US TYPE IT UP FOR YOU IN A LEGIBLE FORM THAT NO ONE WILL UNDERSTAND?

GET YOUR MESSAGE ACROSS WITH

PHILBERT'S ANGRY LETTER TYPING SERVICE

EXPRESSING TENANTS' ANGER SINCE 1947

(Or as long as Lumprack The Landlord has been putting up these apartment buildings which make tenants angry)

Specialists in phrasing and typing up "Angry Letters"—"Threats"—"Petitions"

ALL WORK DONE ON AUTHENTIC BUTCHER PAPER

WHAT'S HAPPENING... AND IN WHOSE APARTMENT

Schedule Of Activities This Week

MON. 18th— **BRIDGE GAME** at the Cooper's. Pearl and Fred Glop (from the rear courtyard) vs. Blanche and Iggy Cooper. Kibbitzers invited. Apt. 4-M.

MON. 18th— **MAH JONGG** at Sylvia Kelly's. The regular Monday night girls: Sylvia, Betty, Lottie and Wilhelmina. They'd love a 5th. $2.50 pie. Apt. 7-J.

MON. 18th— **POKER GAME** at Wally Furman's. The regular Monday night boys: Wally, Turk, Harry and Selma. Selma supplies the eyeshields this week. $5 and $10, Jacks or better to open. Suckers invited. Bring money. Apt. 5-J.

TUES. 19th— **PISHA PASHA TOURNAMENT** at the Freebish's. An irregular Tuesday night conglomeration with Willy and Victoria Buddle. Harriet and Mel Freebish and Milton-somebody-from-downstairs-somewhere. Learn this fascinating game from experts. Then join this ridiculous group. Apt. 6-L.

TUES. 19th— **CANASTA** at Celia Grupp's. So far, only Celia Grupp. She needs three more people. Bring cake. Also a second deck of cards. Apt. 3-T.

TUES. 19th— **STEAL THE OLD MAN'S BUNDLE** at "Pop" Finley's. An actual burglary attempt will be made on Old Man Finley's apartment. Those interested in joining Larry, George, Bish and Tony with Yetta as lookout, meet at Larry's. Apt. 2-X.

WED. 20th— **LOVE AFFAIR** (No Longer Secret) at Corinne VaVoom's, with Murray, the quiet guy from Apt. 3-N sneaking down to Miss VaVoom's, and Murray's wife sneaking down a little later. Apt. 2-G.

WED. 20th— **STAG MOVIES** at Artie (The Bachelor) Multrayne's. Lennie, Dick, Jerry, Howie, Nino, Warren, the entire third floor, Detective Lt. John Schweep and the 23rd Precinct Emergency Squad join Artie (in that order).

THUR. 21st **SHALLOW CONVERSATION.** Agnes, Sylvia, Dora, Rose, Maxine, and LaVerne will take the elevator to the 6th floor to call for Myrna, Gertrude and Sam. They will all ride down to the lobby where they will meet Shirlee, Cathy, Pauline and Victoria, who will lead them out to the front of the building where Louella and Helen have been waiting with the chairs. They will then proceed to talk about Henrietta and Hortense who used to sit with them in the front but have now switched allegiance and sit with the girls in the back of the building. They will sit there and gab through the day, into the night, and on until dawn—when they will be swept away by the Department of Sanitation.

FRI. 22nd— **INTELLECTUAL DISCUSSION** with the only people in the apartment either interested in or capable of having one. Henry The Porter and his assistants, Morty, Chester and Clem, will discuss "Postwar Swedish Monetary Reform" and how it has affected their menial salaries of $22.68 a week each.

SUPER-MAN Another Episode In The Series Based On The True-Life Adventures Of Our Superintendent

Know Your SWAMPVIEW TERRACE Staff

This Week's Spotlight: HARRY THE DOORMAN

All of you who live in the Swampview Terrace have no doubt had occasion to approach the front entrance door burdened with packages . . . and while other men sat idly in the lobby, laughing at your difficulty, you've noticed a smiling well-groomed gentleman courteously tip his cap, say "Mornin', Ma'am!" and politely open the door for you while bowing. When this happened, you've probably wondered to yourself: "Who *is* that nice man? It certainly is pleasant having him around! I'd like to know more about him!"

Well, we would, too . . . because it sure ain't Harry The Doorman! It's most likely a burglar getting familiar with the tenants and the building layout. If you want to know who Harry is, he's the man who sits idly in the lobby, laughing at your difficulty.

Short (5'5½"), balding, 48-year-old Harry came to the Swampview Terrace last year after the tenants petitioned for a doorman. If you remember, the Landlord held two weeks of "doorman try-outs" . . . and Harry came in last. But he was hired anyway because of his qualifying experience. Previous to his position here, Harry served as taxi door opener at the Bayonne Bowling Center, was an usher at Loew's Potrzebie, and served four terms as a freelance school crossing guard at the Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. Junior High School.

Harry's career here at Swampview has been spotted with occasional blunders and incidents. Although he has meant well, things haven't always worked out. He has been known to chase tough delinquent gangs off the sidewalk which is fine, except that he chases them *into* the building. He has also unknowingly allowed burglars to filter in and out without being questioned. But worst of all, he has allowed those annoying solicitors like the "Hoover Vacuum Cleaner Salesmen,"

"Your Avon Representatives" and those ridiculous "Tupperware Ladies" to enter Swampview and hawk their wares.

Last Thursday, however, after numerous complaints from tenants about solicitors, Harry finally clamped down. He detained a group of "strange-looking characters" for 7 hours, asking for identification, refusing to let them up, and eventually throwing them bodily from the building. This is Harry's last week on the job, because those strange-looking characters turned out to be close relatives of the Plattfalls (4 J) who were just visiting.

Next Week's Spotlight: LOU, THE NEW DOORMAN

WHO'S COLLECTING...AND FOR WHAT CHARITY.

A Schedule Of Solicitations This Week

Every issue, as a service to the tenants of Swampview Terrace, we publish this list of "Who-Will-Be-Coming-Around-The-Building-Ringing-Doorbells-And-Asking-For-Donations-To-Ridiculous-And-Often-Phony-Causes" . . . so you will know well in advance when not to be home!

DAY	HOUR	COLLECTOR AND CAUSE
Tues. 19th	11:00 A.M.	**Mrs. Sfortz**—collecting for "The United Fund To Aid Victims Of Water On The Knee"
Tues. 19th	8:30 P.M.	**Mrs. Goorp** collecting for "The Grippe"
Wed. 20th	6:15 A.M.	**Miss Vloom**—collecting for "The National Foundation Against Sniffles"
Thurs. 21st	11:30 P.M.	**Mrs. Stallcup**—collecting for "Victims Of The Potato Famine"
Fri. 22nd	4:50 A.M.	**Mrs. Buncher**—collecting for "The Society For The Prevention Of Cruelty To Overly Ticklish Children"
Sat. 23rd	12 Noon	**The Landlord**—collecting for "The Rent"

SWAMPVIEW TERRACE CLASSIFIED ADS

Help Wanted

MAN, handy, to help out doing simple odd jobs around my apartment, like putting up light bulbs, tightening faucets, adjusting gas stove pilot light, turning on steam I am ill, and my husband doesn't have the slightest idea of how to do these things. See: Wife of Superintendent, Lobby Floor Apt.

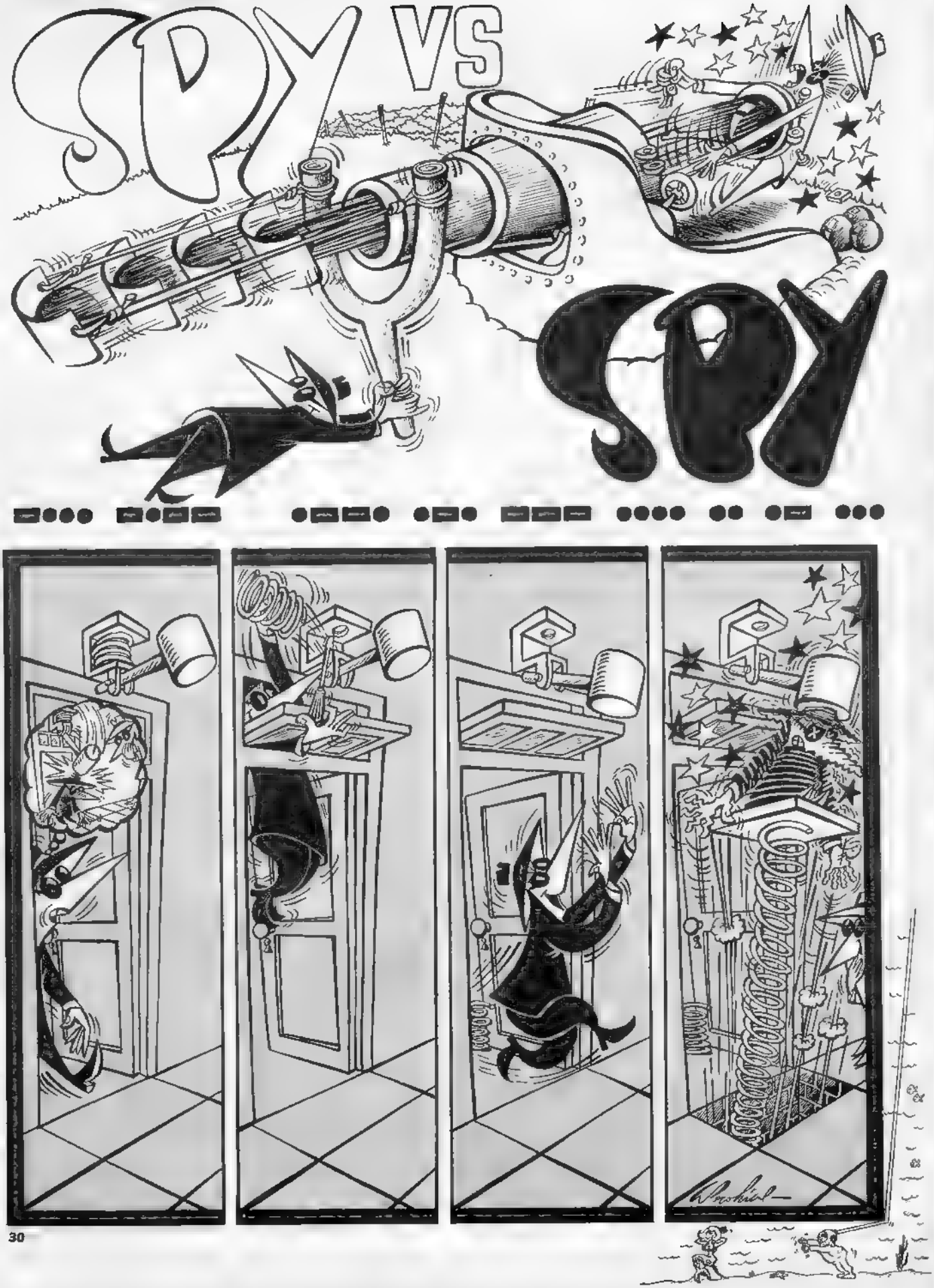
Personals

I AM NO LONGER responsible for the actions of my wife and/or her personality since she bleached her hair and started running around with that ridiculous Mah Jongg crowd from the 3rd floor. Hymie Vedula, Apt. 6-D.

Lost and Found

FOUND, 3 odd sweatsocks belonging to some other tenant, in my wash last Monday, 10:30 A.M. Come and pick them up. If I'm not home, leave reward with my son. Grunch, Apt. 2-N.

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II

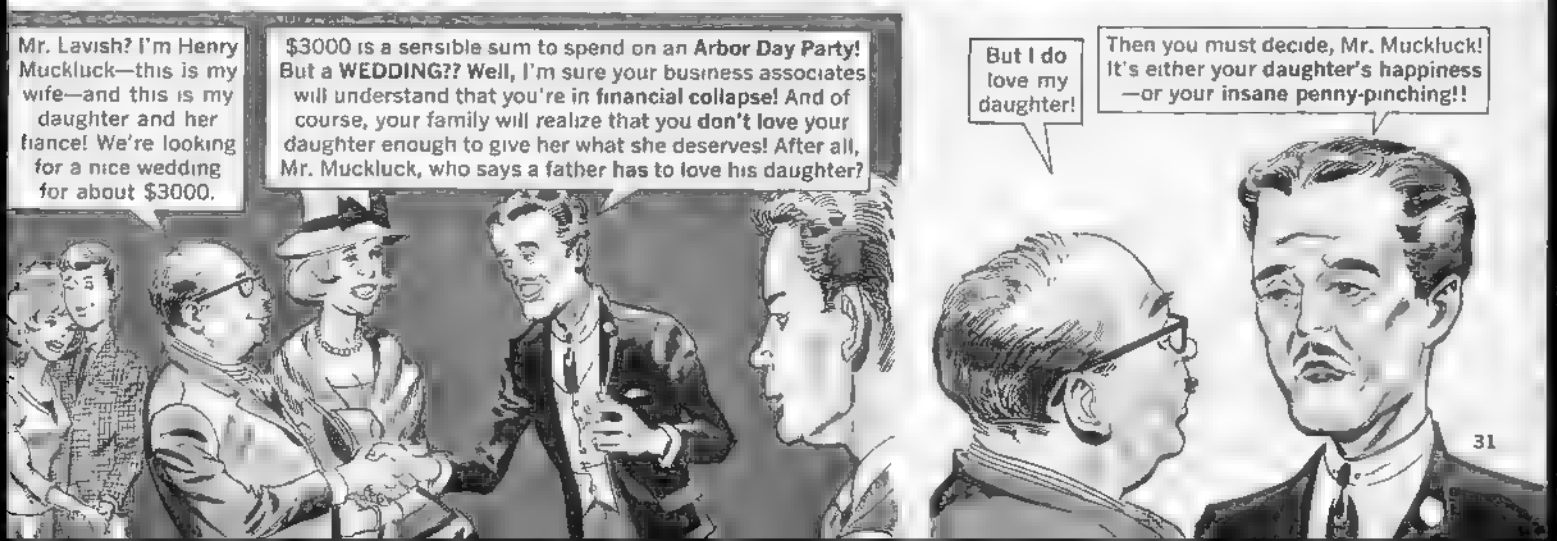


AFFAIRS OF STATUS DEPT.

Years ago, when someone wanted to celebrate an occasion, he threw a party in his home. It was warm and friendly, and everyone had a good time. But today, you can't have a simple party at home! What's so impressive about a party at home? And you run the risk of people enjoying themselves! No, today, you turn the whole deal over to a person known as a "Caterer." He arranges the party at a special place known as a "Catering Hall," and takes everything out of your hands, including the money. To show you how this vital member of our society operates, we bring you:

MAD'S CATERER OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: STAN HART



Well, I would want something nice!
Good! Then I'll take care of everything! Now, you'll want flowers! Orchids are lovely, but since this is not the season, we'll charter a plane and fly them in from Argentina! Next, you'll want a nice meal! Steak is great, but when you hear the price, you'll take chicken! Next . . .
You'll want movies! I have a great cameraman! He'll give you arty shots like the cold-cuts dissolving into a picture of the groom's mother, which fades into the bride dancing with her father, which changes into the groom dancing with his grandfather!
These films will have an enduring place of honor in the newlyweds' storage closet!
H-how much will all this cost me?
On—$15,000, tops! Plus a small charge for the extras . . . like a cake, a band, and the guests!
The guests??
Only if you want them! If you do, it will cost you—with chicken—$50 a couple! I'd suggest an intimate wedding—shall we say 500 people? How's Saturday, June 6th?
Honey, would June 6th be all right?
What does she know? She's just a dopey kid! See you in June! Leave a $14,500 deposit and trust me!
A June Wedding is so nice! Is that why you chose the date?
No, I have another wedding the day before on June 5th, so I can use the same flowers and any left-over food! Let's go in here—my training school for waiters is in session!
PRIVATE KEEP OUT
Here's where I train my fine staff of surly waiters. Each chair represents a group of guests. Watch how cleverly the waiters avoid them! That way I get by with $20 worth of hors d'oeuvres for a party of six hundred people!
Why are all those men gathered around that waiter?
He has the more expensive hors d'oeuvres: shrivelled little hot dogs, greasy tiny meatballs, and some sickening seafood glop in a shell! The people around him are all ex-football players in my employ. They escort the waiter from one end of the room to the other, making sure that none of the guests breaks through to get any hors d'oeuvres!

Now, here's a real wedding in action! Watch how my photographers shine powerful klieg lights on the Wedding Party throughout the ceremony! The lights blind them so they cannot notice that all the flowers they've paid for aren't here!
Watch how my photographers also cleverly block the view of the audience! Why, I sell over $300 worth of pictures to guests who want to know what the ceremony looked like!
As you can see, during the reception we whisk the members of the Wedding Party into another room to take more pictures! In this way, they can't see that we're scrimping on the hors d'oeuvres . . . and that imported champagne they ordered was "imported" from New York State!
Then, during the meal, we continue to pose the 20 people in the Wedding Party. Naturally, they have no time to eat, so I save 20 dinners!
This is a very big wedding! It must be a very large family!
Not really! Actually, only half the people here are invited guests! The others came for the "Over Twenty Eight Club" dance I'm running in this room at the same time! Since everyone is always too busy talking to listen to anyone at these affairs, no one ever catches on!
Whose side are you on?
The Democrats!
I'm the Best Man!
I hate conceited people!
I'm so glad you could come!
What's your phone number? Do you live alone? Got a car? Like art movies? Are you doing anything later tonight?
Is there a doctor in the house? An unmarried doctor?

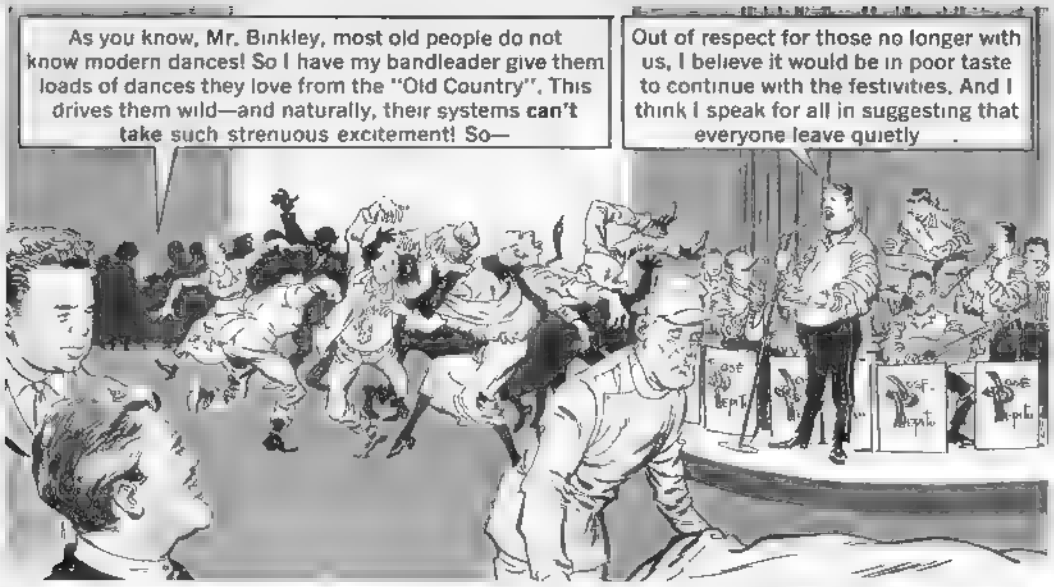
You'll notice I have a revolving bandstand!
Is that to add class?
No, I have another ballroom right behind this one—so the band plays for both affairs at the same time! That way, I hire one band, and charge for two!
Why don't you dance with your cousin?
Aw, he never lets me lead!
Why did you say the band doesn't know "Embraceable You"?
'Cause I just heard them play it!
So you're Charlie Fump's son? Why, I knew your father when he was this high . . . !
He still is! He's a midget!

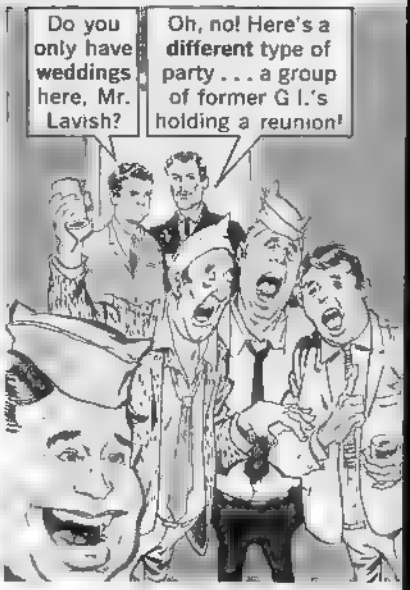
How many weddings do you have in each hall on a single day?
Six or seven! Of course, that creates a problem in clearing the hall for the next affair, but I've got a special system for doing that? Care to see?

Here's my system in operation. See, under one of the plates at each table, there's supposed to be a blue card. The person who gets it is entitled to take home the flower centerpiece. So I put a blue card under two plates at the same table—and naturally, this causes a big fight!
Give it to me, you miserable selfish clod! I never liked you! Never!
No, I won't give it to you—and I never liked you either, Mother!
It's my turn! You took the flowers home from the last family affair!
That funeral was months ago!

It's mine! I want to have something to remember my wedding with! I was posing for pictures all day and missed it all!
All right! You take the flowers, but give me back the envelope my husband slipped you while you were walking down the aisle!
Then I call the police and report a riot! The place gets cleared out and washed down at the same time!

Do you always do this?
Oh, no! I have a more dignified and civilized way of clearing the halls! I'll show you—next door!

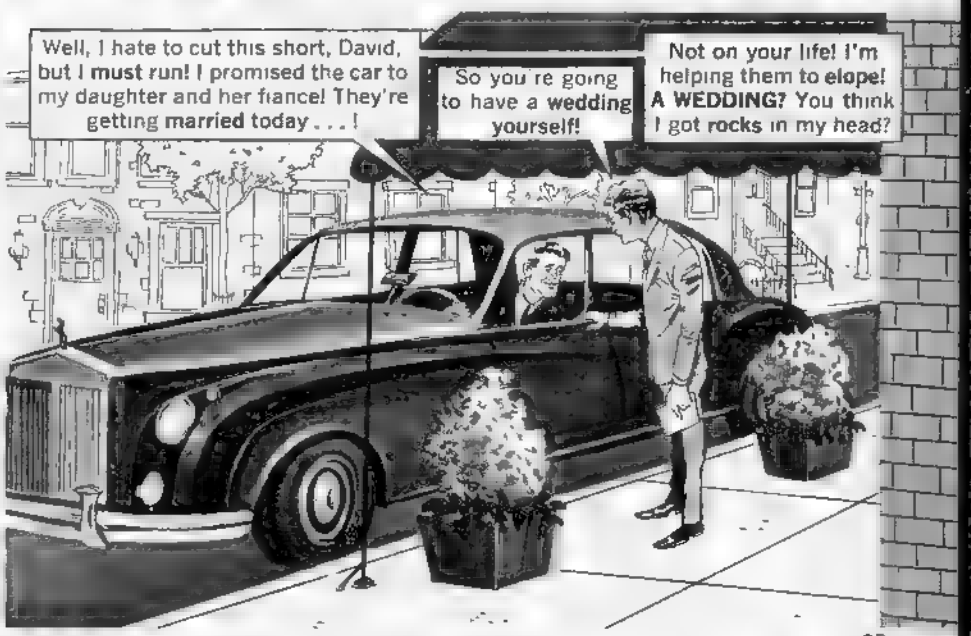

As you know, Mr. Binkley, most old people do not know modern dances! So I have my bandleader give them loads of dances they love from the "Old Country". This drives them wild—and naturally, their systems can't take such strenuous excitement! So—
Out of respect for those no longer with us, I believe it would be in poor taste to continue with the festivities. And I think I speak for all in suggesting that everyone leave quietly


Do you only have weddings here, Mr. Lavish?
Oh, no! Here's a different type of party . . . a group of former G.I.'s holding a reunion!

How long have they been out of the army?
They were discharged the day before yesterday! I encouraged them not to lose touch with each other!

Is that an "Engagement Shower" they're having for that girl in there?
Not really! I sold them a "Pre-Shower Shower"!
You mean they're holding an affair just because she MET someone?
Well, she didn't actually meet someone! Her mother met someone whose son is an unmarried accountant!

Who's the lucky boy the girl hasn't met yet?
My son Wendell! I just can't sit around here and wait for business! My wife gets a commission on every "Pre-Shower Shower" she brings in!


Well, I hate to cut this short, David, but I must run! I promised the car to my daughter and her fiance! They're getting married today . . . !
So you're going to have a wedding yourself!
Not on your life! I'm helping them to elope! A WEDDING? You think I got rocks in my head?

One of the most interesting species of wildlife found on the American scene is that strange creature known as "The Politician". He conveniently changes color to match his surroundings, he's friendly to his opponent's face—then attacks him when his back is turned, and he scratches for votes at election time—then hibernates for his term of office. Since "The Politician" is such a strange creature who speaks a strange language, we present a simple primer to help explain him to you when he appears again during this campaign year.

THE MAD POLITICIAN'S PRIMER

Lesson 2.

THE CANDIDATE

See the popular candidate.
See him say, "Some of my best friends are Italian,
And Irish,
And German, and Polish, and Puerto Rican."
The candidate has no Gypsy friends.
There is no Gypsy vote.

The candidate is very interested in charity work.
He has been Chairman of Protestant Relief,
Catholic Charities, and United Jewish Appeal . . .
All at the same time.
Every four years, he hates discrimination.
See his liberal, open-minded family.
See them mingle with everyone.
See if you can spot the candidate's daughter.
You can't. She isn't here.
That's because she has been disinherited—
She married outside her religion.

Lesson 1.

THE OFFICE SEEKER

See the politician.
He is making an announcement.
It is three months before elections.
He is announcing that he is not a candidate.
The timing is very important.
He must announce that he is not a candidate
Before the opposing candidate
Announces that *he* is not a candidate.

See the politician talking to the Party big shots.
He is talking to them about the nomination.
In politics, this is known as "sampling opinion".
Outside of politics, this is known as "begging".
The Party big shots ask him about foreign policy.
The Party big shots ask him about domestic policy.
The Party big shots ask him about economic policy.
The Party big shots ask him if he wants the nomination.
The politician answers "Yes!".
They have finally asked him a question he can answer.

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: STAN HART

Lesson 3.

THE CANDIDATE'S FAMILY

See the candidate with his wife.
She is so happy.
It's the first time he's taken her out in 4 years.
If he wins the election
She will go to Washington.
If he loses the election
She will go back in the closet.
She is a dedicated woman.
She stands by him in city after city.
She doesn't trust him out of her sight.
See the candidate's children posing for pictures.
They are very photogenic.
They are also very stupid.
They haven't been in school since the campaign started.

Lesson 4.

THE POLL

See the busy man.
He is working on a pre-election poll.
It is easy to check the accuracy of the poll.
If his candidate is ahead,
The poll is very scientific.
If his candidate is behind,
He feeds the results into a big machine.
The machine is called a garbage disposal unit.

The pollster questions a select group.
This is known as a representative sample.
Are you now, or have you ever been a representative sample?
Do you know anyone who has ever been a representative sample?
We do.
The candidate. His mother. His barber. His bookie . . .

Lesson 5.

THE PUBLICITY MEN

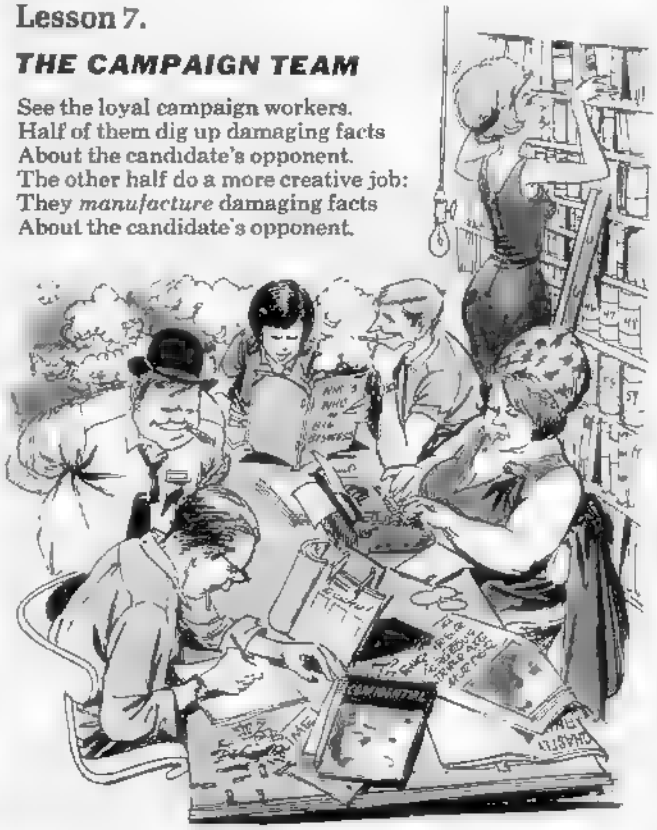
See the publicity men.
They will give the candidate a new image
They will teach him how to talk.
They will teach him how to smile.
They will make him popular.
If he doesn't get elected Congressman,
He might get elected "Miss Rheingold".

The publicity men take his picture wherever he goes.
And wherever he goes, the candidate eats
One picture of him eating is worth a thousand words.
He eats a hot dog,
And it means "I am a typical American".
He eats a knish,
And it means "We are all God's children".
He eats a pizza,
And it means "Each minority group has contributed
to make our country great".
The candidate needs a strong stomach to run for office.
Almost as strong a stomach as the people who vote for him.

Lesson 7.

THE CAMPAIGN TEAM

See the loyal campaign workers.
Half of them dig up damaging facts
About the candidate's opponent.
The other half do a more creative job:
They *manufacture* damaging facts
About the candidate's opponent.



The candidate has promised each campaign worker
That he is on a winning team.
The candidate has also promised each campaign worker
That he will be the next Ambassador to England.
Actually, the Ambassador will be
Someone who is distinguished,
Someone who is dependable,
Someone who is mature,
Someone who is the candidate's uncle.

Lesson 6.

THE CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTION

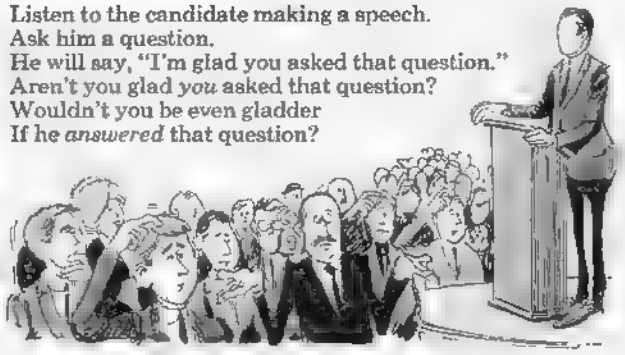
See the rich man.
He contributes to the campaign fund.
He likes the candidate's platform.
The rich man is against giving government
money to education.
The rich man is against giving government
money to senior citizens.
The rich man is for "free enterprise".
Which means he's *for* giving government
money to his missile factory.

The rich man owns many other things
Beside his missiles factory:
50 supermarkets, 10 liquor stores,
And a chain of department stores.
But he is not satisfied.
He has a dream.
This year his dream will come true.
He will own a Congressman.

Lesson 8.

THE CAMPAIGN SPEECH

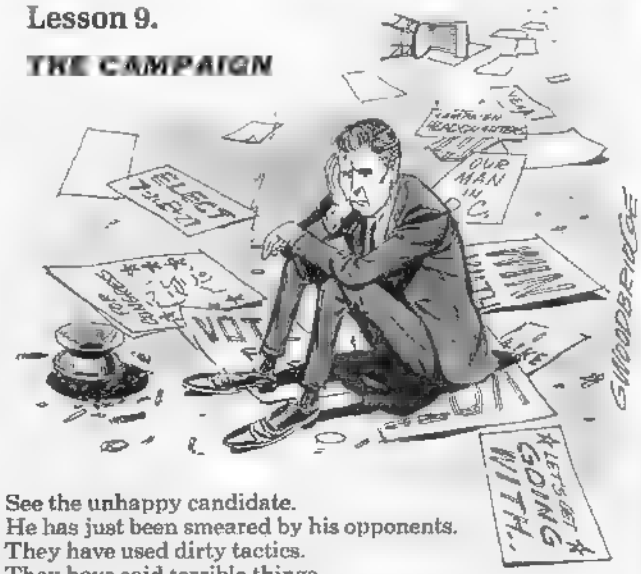
Listen to the candidate making a speech.
Ask him a question.
He will say, "I'm glad you asked that question."
Aren't you glad *you* asked that question?
Wouldn't you be even gladder
If he *answered* that question?



When the candidate talks to Union groups,
He criticizes Management.
When he talks to Management groups,
He criticizes Unions.
At mixed rallies,
He develops laryngitis.

Lesson 9.

THE CAMPAIGN



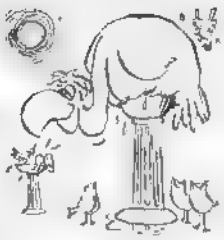
See the unhappy candidate.
He has just been smeared by his opponents.
They have used dirty tactics.
They have said terrible things.
They have just recited his past record in Congress.

They claim he took six trips to Europe.
He claims they were Government business—
Like his official tour of NATO installations on the Riviera.
To get the woman's point of view,
He took along his pretty secretary.
His opponents ask what he has done for his constituents.
They claim he has been absent from Congress 90% of the time.
Probably that is the best thing he has done for his constituents.

SOMEDAY SUPPLEMENT DEPT.

The other day, we came upon a small boy sitting on a curb, reading **The New York Times,** and crying. "Why are you crying, little boy?" we asked. "Because," he sobbed, "there ain't no comics in this newspaper!" This started us thinking. Practically everybody loves comics — and yet there are lots of publications that don't run them! How awful! How deplorable! But mainly, how wonderful! Because it gives us this opportunity to fill up four ridiculous pages with these:

COMICS FOR PUBLICATIONS THAT DON'T HAVE COMICS



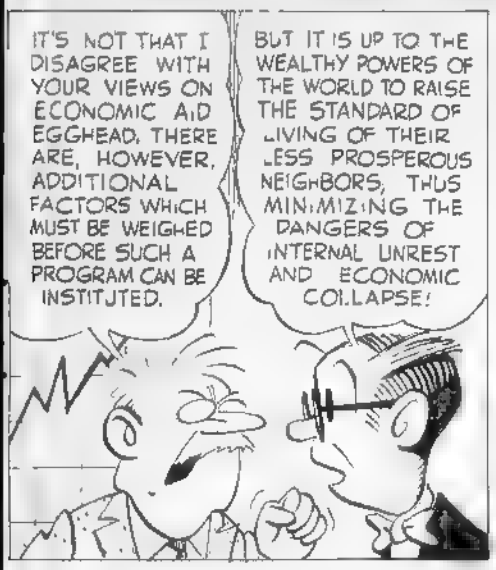
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

BRAINY

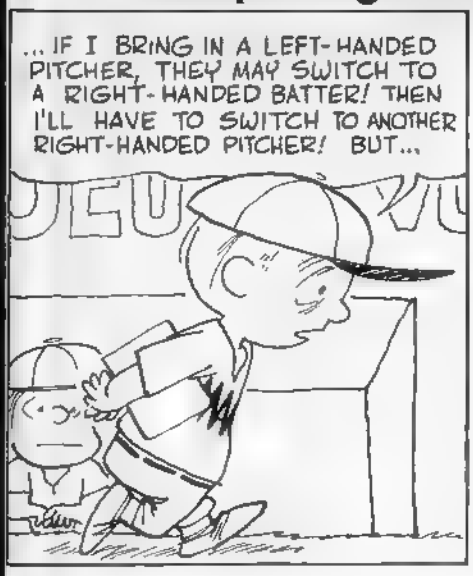
PITCHOUTS

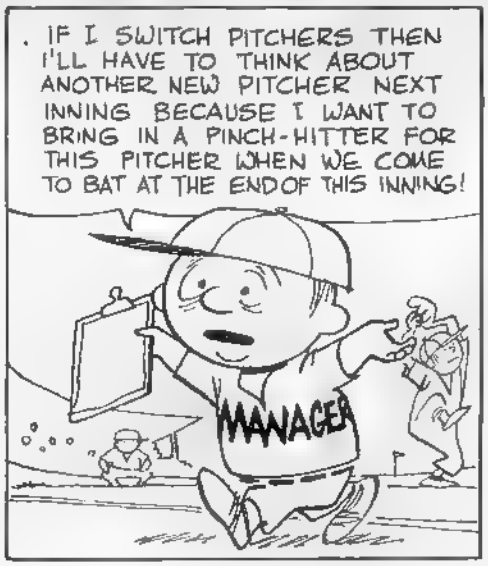
SENATOR DUCK

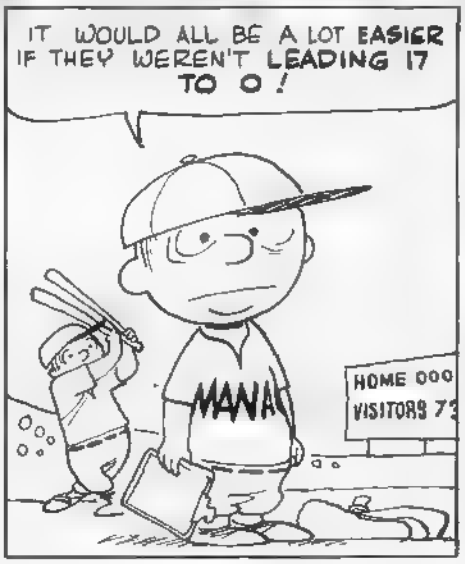
—for The New York Times



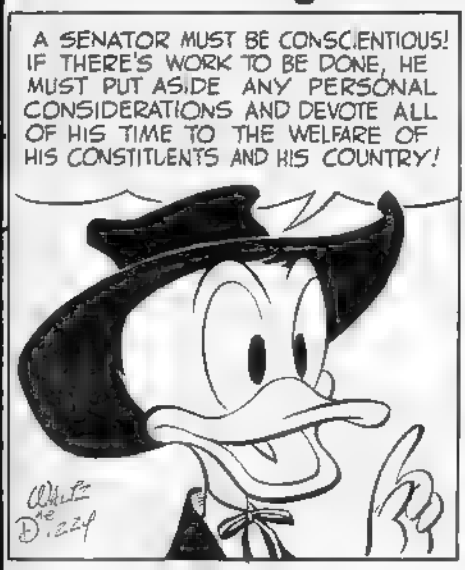
—for The Sporting News

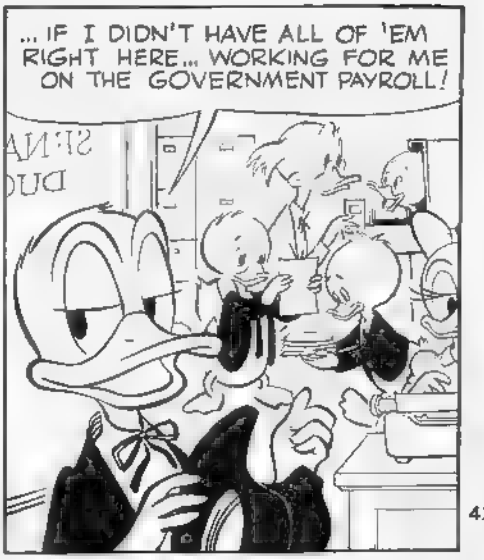






—for The Congressional Record





DADDY-O — for Variety

HY FASHION — for Women's Wear Daily

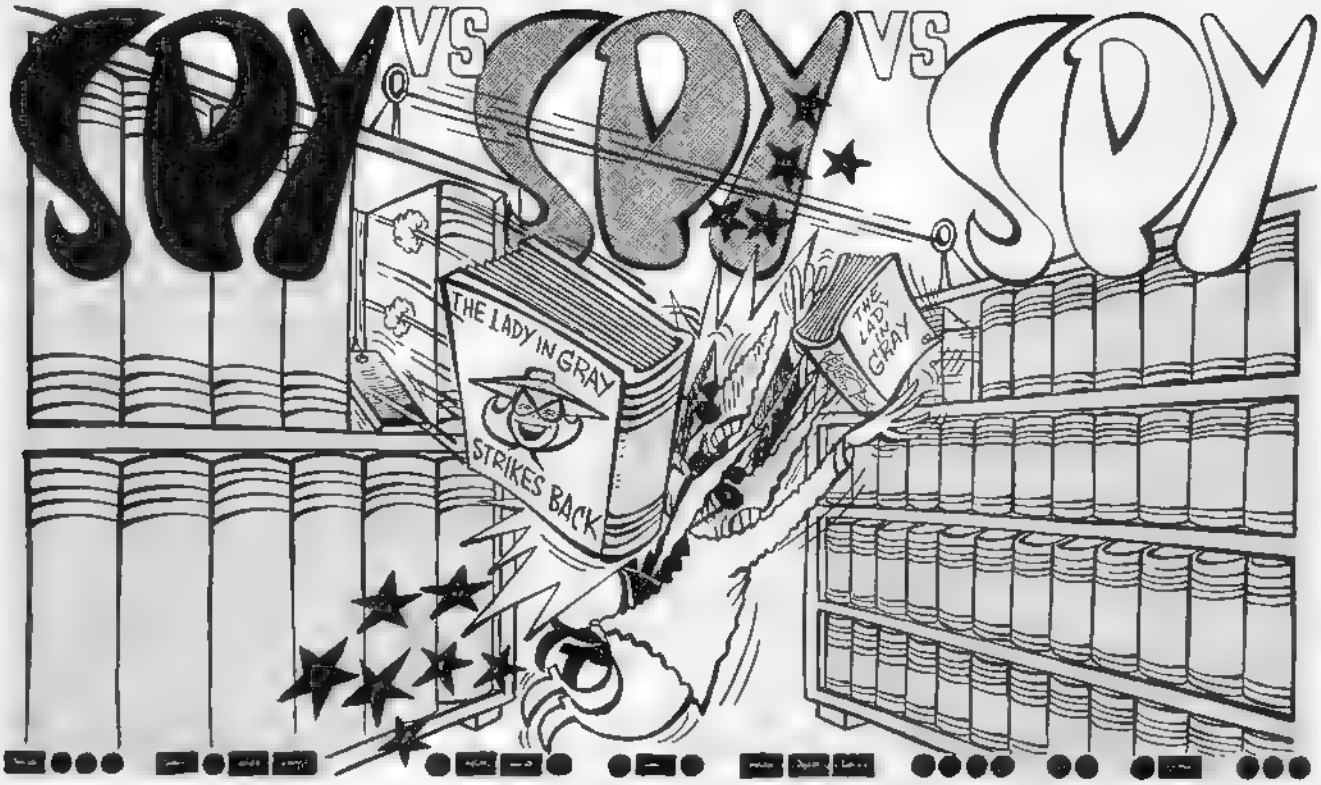
GEN. ABERCROMBIE — for The Army Times

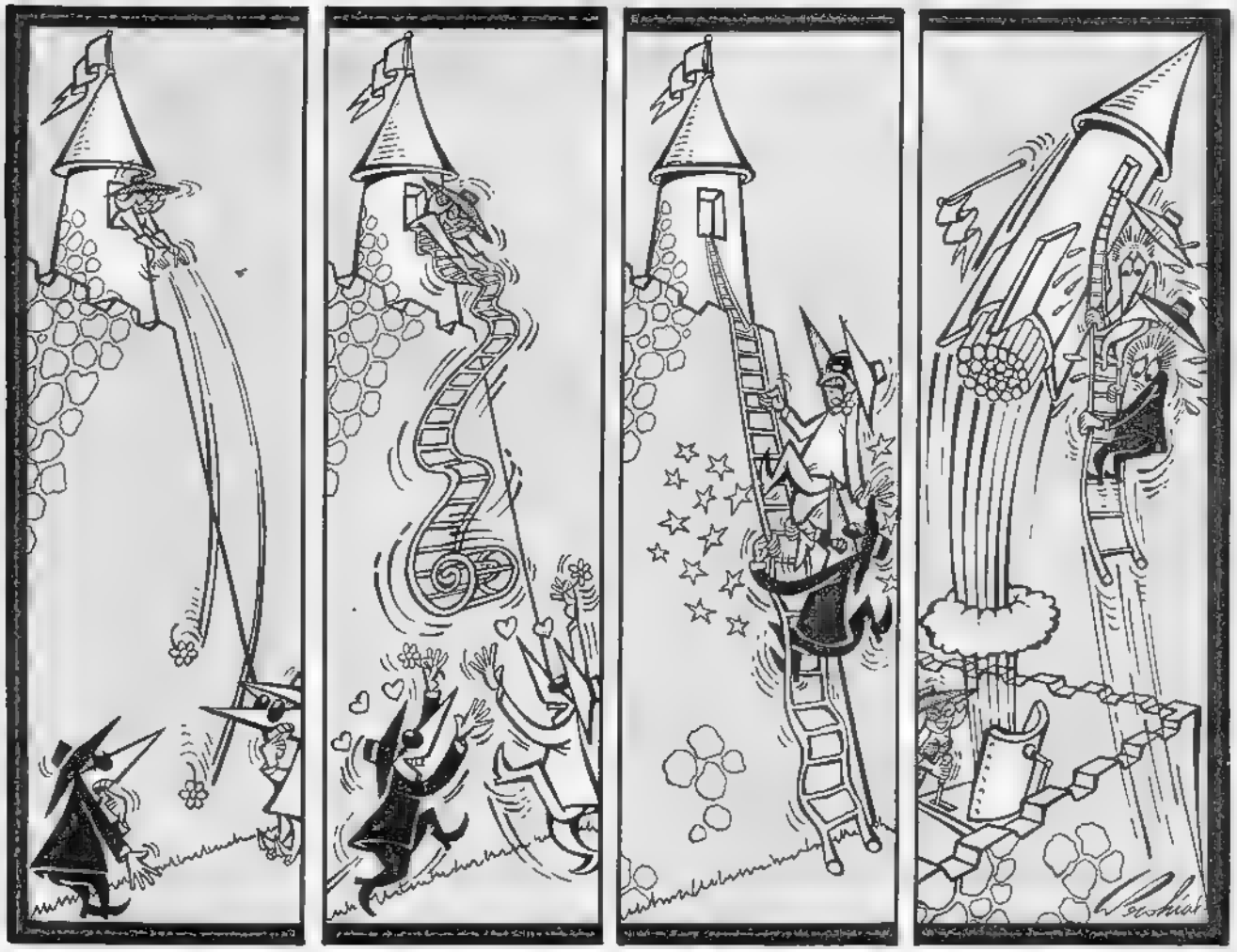
TY COON — for The Wall Street Journal

COOKIE THE BOOKIE — for The Morning Telegraph

"Okay, Jimmy! You've bet three popsicles on Flying Flash to win! Marvin, I've got you down for six bubble-gum cards on Rose Petal to place! Sorry, Eddie, but I'm not taking any frogs, unless they're alive! If ya wanna bet on Dish Water, ya gotta put up something valuable, like an alarm clock spring . . . or your baby sister!

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART III

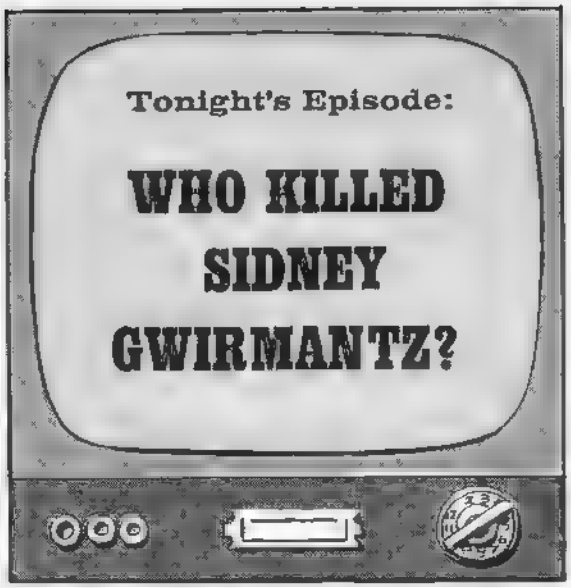




GOLD-PLATED COPPER DEPT.

Not too many years ago, when a boy was born rich, he had one of two alternatives to choose from. He could go into his father's business, or he could become a bum and stay home. Today, when a boy is born rich, he has two other alternatives to choose from. He can run for President of the United States, or he can become the biggest bum of all—a TV Detective. Something like Amos Buck, the rich bum on

BUCK'$ LAW



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

It's **Sidney Gwirmantz**—the most successful, most hated, most feared **Cost Accountant** in all of Malibu Beach. Somebody beat his brains in with an **accounting ledger.** We'd better phone our boss, **Amos Buck**—the millionaire playboy detective . . .

I wonder what kind of a party he's throwing **tonight.** He's **always** throwing a party the night somebody gets murdered

Hug me, Amos!

Kiss me, Amos!

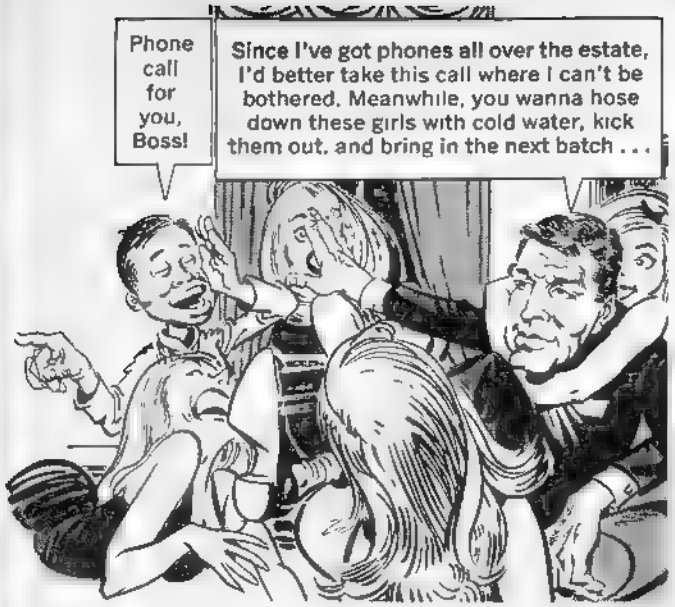
Love me, Amos!

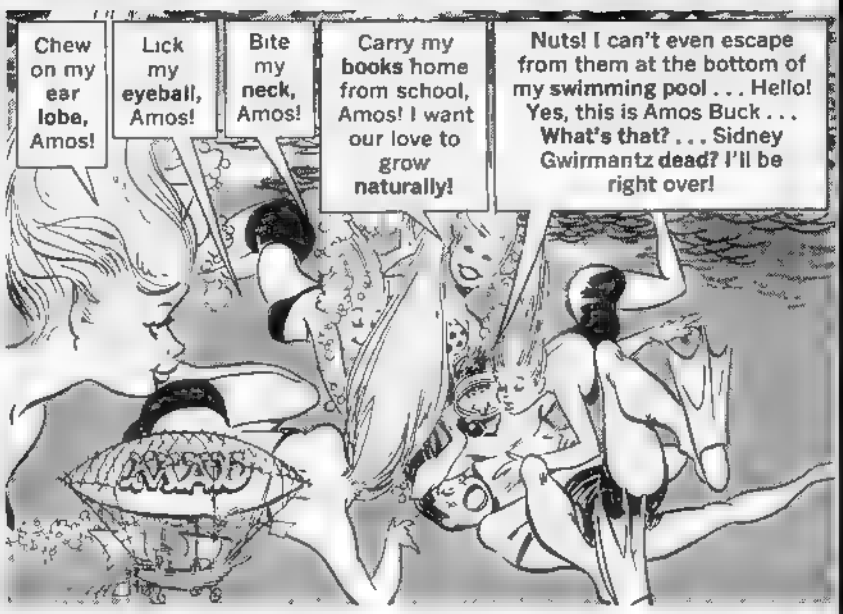
Hit me in the face with a **rotten orange,** Amos! I got **problems!**

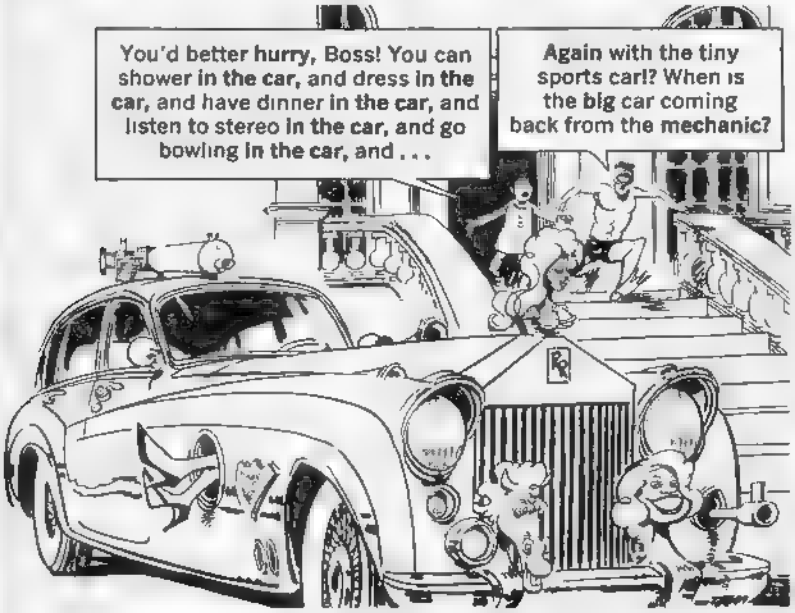
"The trouble with girls is they're all worth the trouble!"—Buck's Law!

Wow! Did you catch that witty, sophisticated **proverb** Amos just recited? He makes those things up **all the time** on this show!

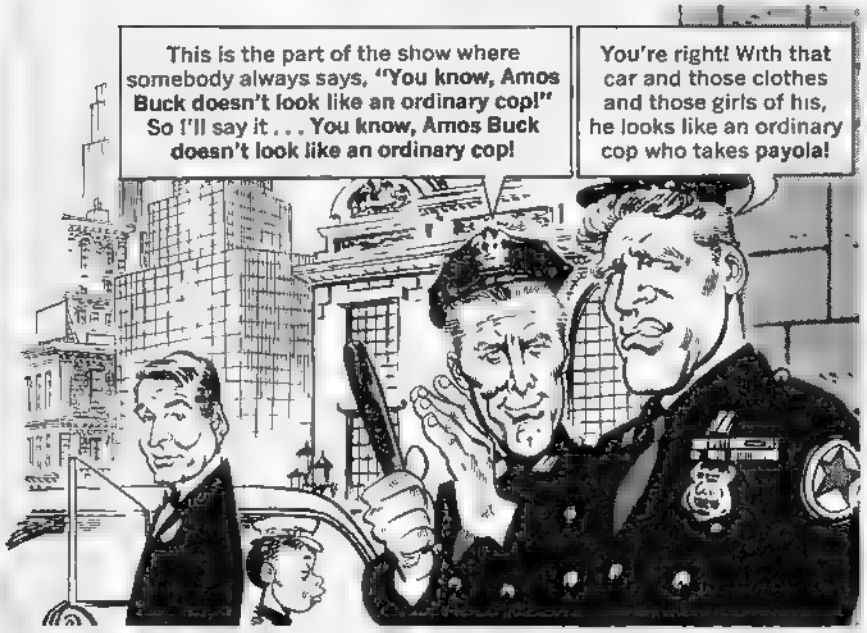
Yeah, except that I heard **that one before** . . . on the recent "Jerry Lewis TV Show"!


Phone call for you, Boss!
Since I've got phones all over the estate, I'd better take this call where I can't be bothered. Meanwhile, you wanna hose down these girls with cold water, kick them out, and bring in the next batch . . .


Chew on my ear lobe, Amos!
Lick my eyeball, Amos!
Bite my neck, Amos!
Carry my books home from school, Amos! I want our love to grow naturally!
Nuts! I can't even escape from them at the bottom of my swimming pool . . . Hello! Yes, this is Amos Buck . . . What's that? . . . Sidney Gwirmantz dead? I'll be right over!


You'd better hurry, Boss! You can shower in the car, and dress in the car, and have dinner in the car, and listen to stereo in the car, and go bowling in the car, and . . .
Again with the tiny sports car! When is the big car coming back from the mechanic?

Hi, there! I'm the first of many stars who will appear tonight in cameo roles! I just fell madly in love with you when I stopped for a light and looked into your car. I'd like to make your trip to the murder scene just a bit more pleasant!
Okay! Give it a try! But I warn you—you can be replaced! I've got a spare girl in the trunk!


This is the part of the show where somebody always says, "You know, Amos Buck doesn't look like an ordinary cop!" So I'll say it . . . You know, Amos Buck doesn't look like an ordinary cop!
You're right! With that car and those clothes and those girls of his, he looks like an ordinary cop who takes payola!

Officer, arrest that woman!
Did Amos Buck solve the case already?
Naw, he just can't stand ugly women on his show!
SIDNEY GWIR-MANTZ

. . . so anyway, sir—I've figured out exactly what time Sidney Gwirmantz was killed, I've discovered what the motive was, I know who the murderer is, and I've also solved four other minor crimes in the building while waiting for you!

Shut up and let me handle this case! What a disgusting gimmick for a young, second banana detective to have in a TV series—INTELLIGENCE! Can't you just talk hip and comb your hair or something instead?!

Hello? Here's a piece of paper with the murder suspects on it! Let's see. John Wayne, Henry Fonda, Gregory Peck, Debbie Reynolds, Ray—

Sorry, sir! You're looking at an ad for "How The West Was Won"! That cast is peanuts compared to ours! We've got some rrrreally big suspects on our shew tonight . . .

Ed Sullivan imitations, too! Smart aleck punk! Why can't you just talk with an idiotic Western twang and walk with a limp or something —instead?!

Mrs. Gwirmantz, you're my first suspect. Tell me, why aren't you in mourning over the death of your husband?

Oh, but I am! You can't see it, but I'm wearing a black girdle!

Do you kiss all your murder suspects, Amos?

Of course not, silly! Last week, William Bendix and I merely held hands!!!

Oh, here's another suspect—the maid! I guess I'll talk to her, too . . .

I warn you, Amos! She doesn't understand the language!

This language she'll understand!

Sir Laurence, Amos Buck wants to speak to you as soon as he finishes with the maid. But first, I'd like to ask you an important question regarding this case: Namely, what is a distinguished actor like you doing playing a lousy plumber on this show?

What could I do? Jack Lemmon got the part I really wanted—the garbage man!

QUIT SHOWIN'!

Garbage! Garbage! Anyone want some garbage?

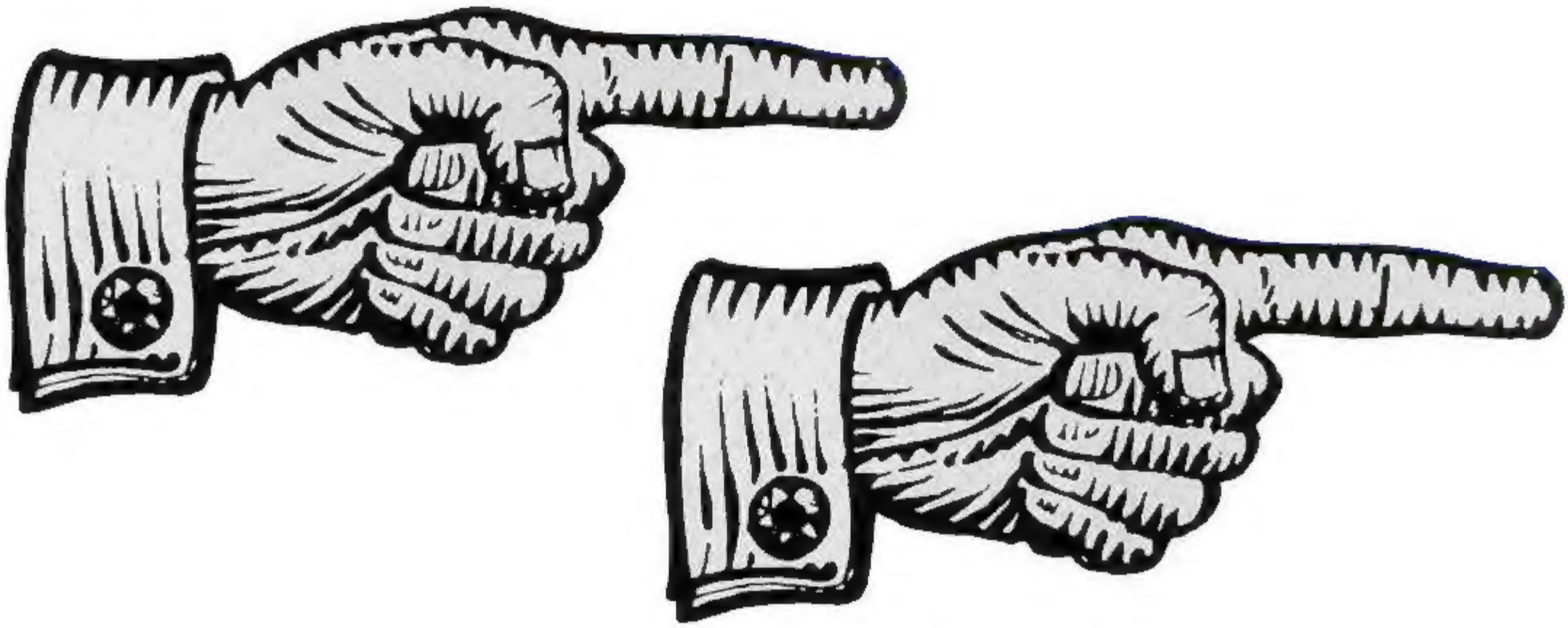
No, no, Jack! You take it out! You don't bring it in! Now get in line. Amos wants to speak to you as soon as he finishes with the maid!

PROGRAM! PROGRAM! YOU CAN'T TELL A SUSPECT WITHOUT A PROGRAM!

Interview me, Amos! I'm the freckle-faced-kid-from-next-door suspect!
Me! Me, Amos, I play the victim's strange brother, Murray!
I play the victim's butcher! I also play understudy to the corpse!
I play the most unusual off-beat role of my career: A comedian!
The gang and I play a bunch of tired old men! In other words, we play ourselves!
Sorry to interrupt while you're grilling a suspect, sir, but the house is so jam-packed with stars, we've got no more room. So I got a bright idea! I rented the Los Angeles Coliseum for the big "Showdown Scene"!
You clever second banana fink! Why can't you become a doctor, talk with an accent, look very old, and grow bushy hair on both sides of your head or something—instead?!
Ladies and gentlemen suspects! I've gathered all 71,000 of you show biz greats together here to tell you that I have solved the case! I know which one of you killed Sidney Gwirmantz! The murderer is . . .
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
Who killed Sidney Gwirmantz? Who killed Sidney Gwirmantz?
Forget about who killed Sidney Gwirmantz! The question now is . . . Who killed Amos Buck?!
Ches, I know who killed Amos Buck! In fact, I've got them all in custody now! Actually, they're a bunch of guys who were jealous of Amos's great wealth—his success with women. Even when these guys were famous, they never had a penny in their pockets—never kissed a girl in their lives. I guess being unemployed and bitter—and seeing him like this every week—well, they just cracked!!
P.D.
Dr. Drucker

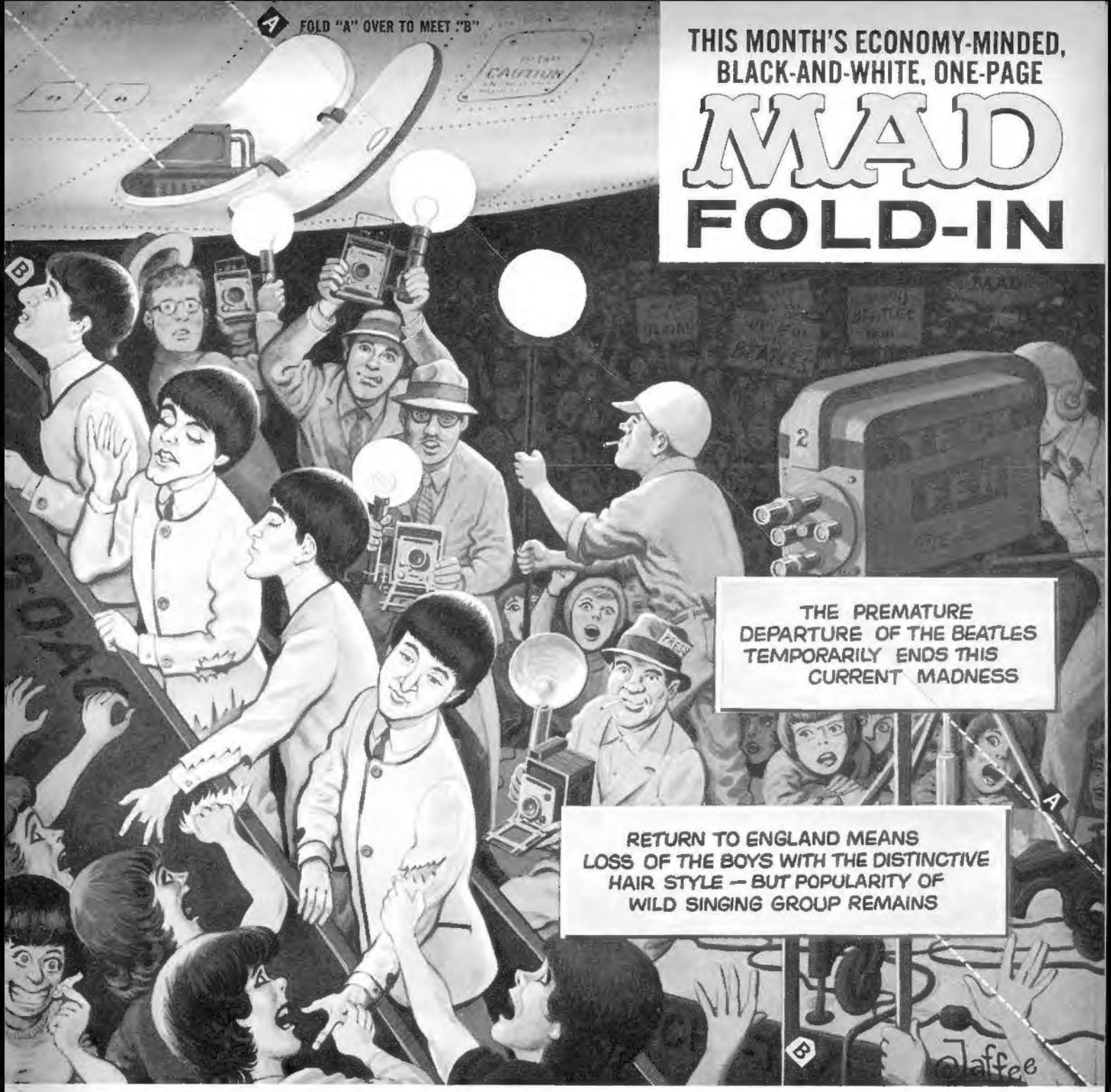
Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



THIS MONTH'S ECONOMY-MINDED, BLACK-AND-WHITE, ONE-PAGE

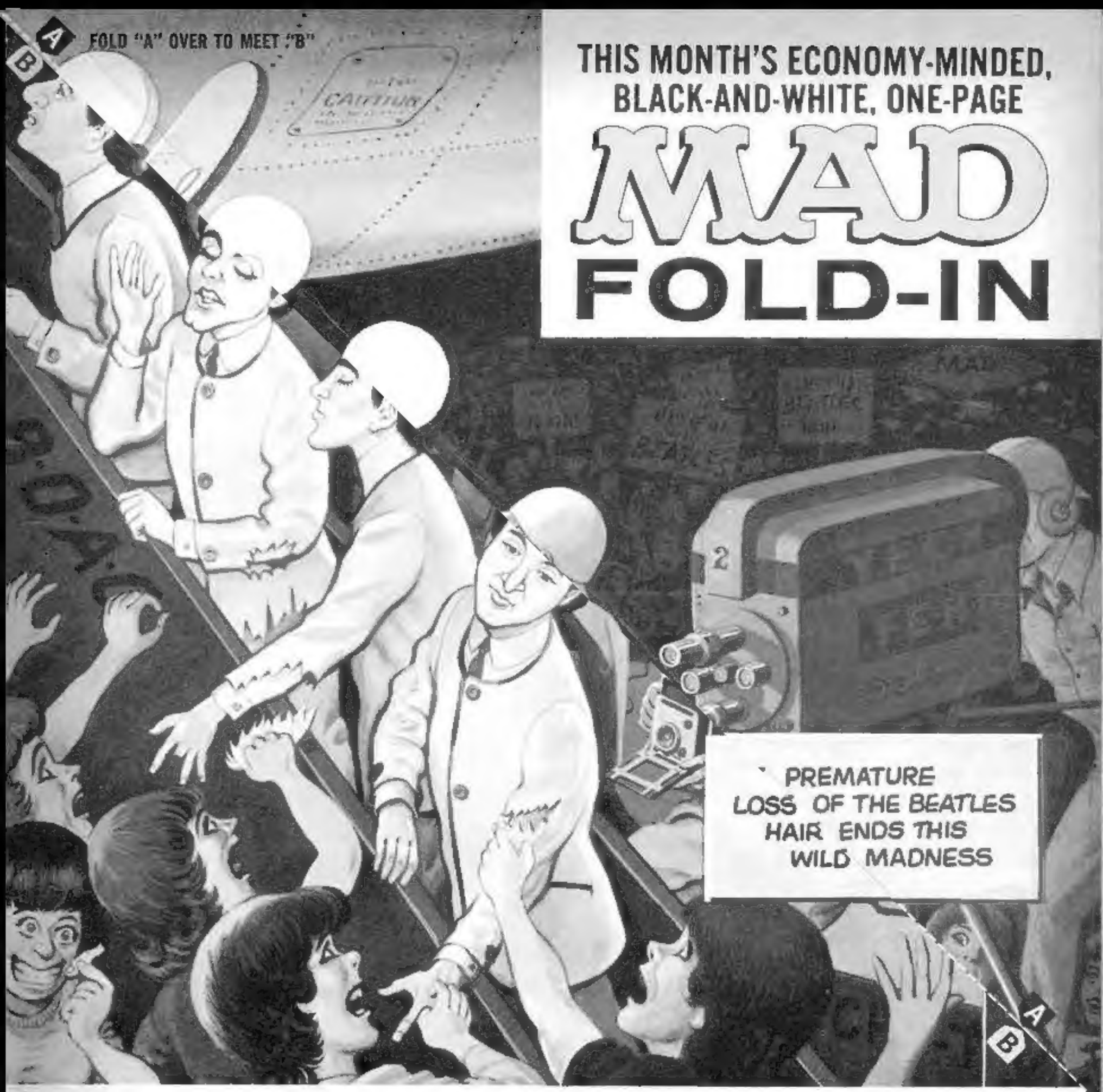
MAD FOLD-IN



THE ONLY HOPE FOR CURING "BEATLE-MANIA"!

Revealed by the MAD FOLD-IN

The Beatles came and went, leaving the U.S.A. a shambles. Now they're back in England, making movies... while grave concern grips both nations and the rest of the world. But there's still hope! To find out what can save us all from this "Beatle-Mania," merely fold page in diagonally as shown in the box on the right.



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"Us Cigarette-Makers will fight rather than quit!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LESTER KRAUSS

Watch the Unquitables overcome the "black eye" of the U.S. Government's latest cancer reports.

You think we're gonna let our billion dollar industry go up in smoke? Sure those Govt. reports linking smoking and cancer gave us a black eye! But just you wait! Our own scientists and public relations men are hard at work and we'll be fighting back with our own reports pretty soon!

Breakdown of expenditures* planned for 1965 so
THE CIGARETTE INDUSTRY CAN CARRY ON

**Notice we don't plan to spend a dime to improve the cigarettes!*